The Bystander, December 31, 1919. No. 839. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER

HOW WE GOVERN NOWADAYS!

BY E. T. REED

ENTERTAINMENTS

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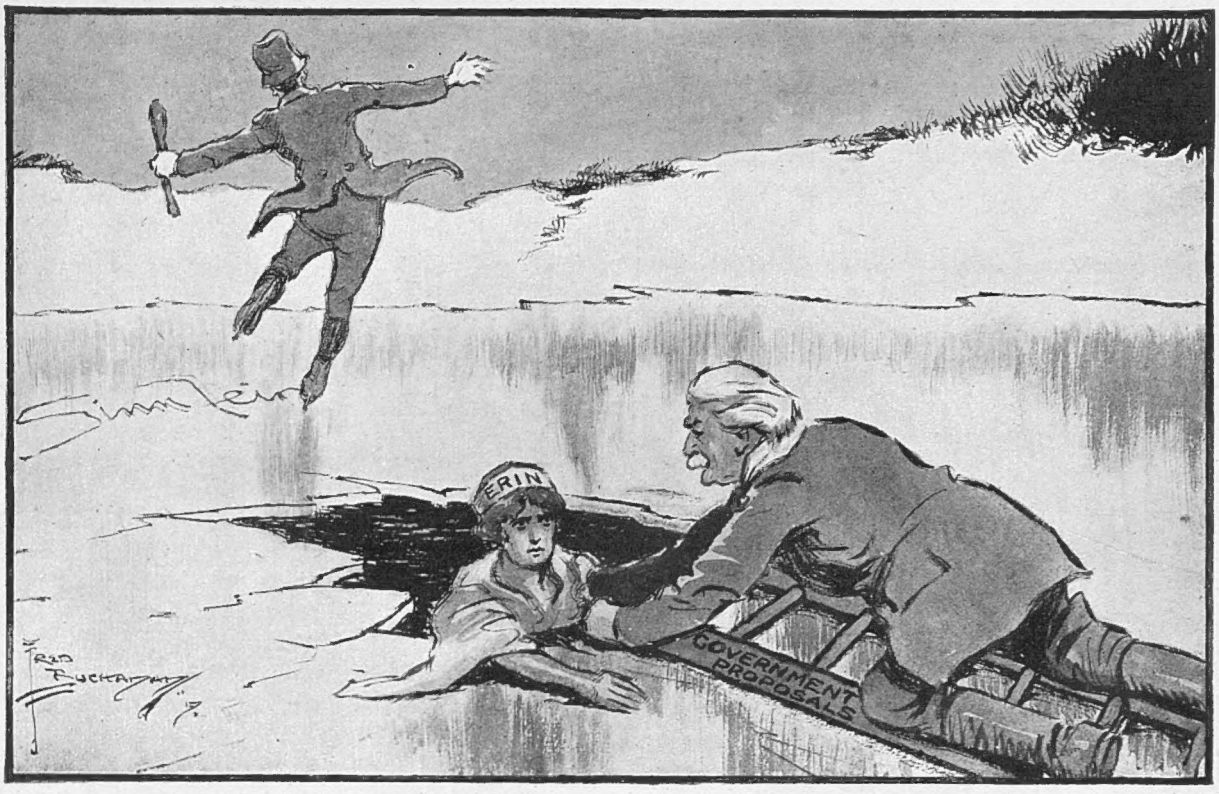
Signature of holder.....



IRELAND! By Fred Buchanan

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Bell, Book, and Candle

GATHER round ye merry Jazzers and hear the fulmination of none other than His Eminence Cardinal Andrieux of Bordeaux. He has ordered that the faithful of his flock shall not dance the tango and its "derivatives." These are the "derivatives"—the fox-trot, the one-step, the two-step, the maxixe, the double Boston, and the triple Boston. I never knew before, did you, that the tango was the parent of all these "derivatives"? Nice word that for a fox-trot, eh?

But what puzzles me about the edict is, where does His Eminence of Bordeaux glean all this information? We know he doesn't go to balls for the simple reason that he mustn't. How then does he know?

Is it possible that screened behind a lattice, like some beauty in an Eastern harem, he has gazed down upon a tango-ing crowd doing "derivatives," and hence the bell, book, and candle? But, perhaps, the edict is based upon "information as received." In any case it comes a little late in the day. How many years have we all been a-tango-ing now? Nearly long enough for some new dances to come in.

The Consequence of Camouflage

SPEAKING of dancing, have you noticed that men are not holding their partners quite so closely as they used to? Also that what one may call the mere grabbing-one-another sort of dances are not so popular as they were? And do you know why?

It is thuswise—and I expect I mention the matter to many sufferers. An evening coat can now be easily ruined in one night, and depleted balances at Cox's and vanishing gratuities can't stand that. A good many women and girls have taken to covering the generous expanse of cuticle they now display o' evenings, with a wash which dries a glossy white. The effect is charming, especially against dark dresses. But it is one of those things to be seen, not touched.

It comes off on the male sleeve and lapels, no matter how lightly you may hold your partner, and the worst of it is there is some sort of grease in its composition which defies every kind of cleaner, including petrol. The more tightly the dame or damsel is held, the more generous the supply of the skin-whitener on the male-coat—and the larger number of swear words the next morning.

As a victim, whose coat looked rather like the parti-coloured garment Chirgwin used to wear, remarked the other evening, "If the girls are going to smother themselves with this stuff, they'll have to put up with hand-in-hand dances. Powder was bad enough, but this————!————!" The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you, especially you who have suffered.

A Land of Despair

MATTERS in Austria seem to be in a pretty parlous state, and chiefly it would seem for the lack of a strong middle-class.

In pre-war times the throne and the aristocracy were the only forces that counted in the country. The aristocracy was a closed ring into which none could enter unless they were born—that is, could show the heraldic quarterings of a certain number

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

of ancestors. The rule was iron, and never broken under any circumstances. Now that the throne has been swept away, the aristocracy are like sheep without a shepherd. Titles of nobility have been abolished, and if used, even inadvertently, a fine of 500 kroner is imposed.

Most of the aristocracy have gone to their houses in the country; others have followed the fallen Emperor Charles to Switzerland.

A lady who has just come from Austria by way of Switzerland tells me that the one thing that struck her most was the absolute hopelessness of everybody in Austria. They regard everything as finished.

"Here in England," she said, "there is a desire to build up again, to straighten out the tangle, to do *something*, but in Austria you never hear a suggestion of reconstruction, never a hope expressed of better times ahead. Here, too, everybody is trying to help, the aristocracy, perhaps, most of all. In Austria the aristocracy do nothing. They either bury themselves in the country, or gamble in the towns like madmen. Wherever you go in Austria you feel despair in the air. There is no one to set an example, or take the lead. And Vienna! Vienna makes one shudder. The gaiety in the cafés and restaurants, like the gambling, is the gaiety of mad people. And the suffering amongst the poor, and the large Government employé class is terrible."

Photograph *Corbett*

CONGRATULATIONS!
Lady Patricia Ramsay, who gave birth to a son at Clarence House on December 21st

The Price of a Passport

FAT is the one article most difficult to get. It is more useful than money. A man got a passport out of the country in exchange for three tins of cocoa-butter given to a high official, after the same official had refused both the passport and a large bribe.

The man had been using it to grease the brown paper boots sold at £20 a pair, in an effort to make them approximately water-tight. The official spoke of his wife's joy at seeing the tins in her kitchen!

The Fallen Emperor

IN Hungary the same spirit of hopeless despair apparently does not prevail. My friend said, "They have more the spirit of the English, and they are trying to arrange things."

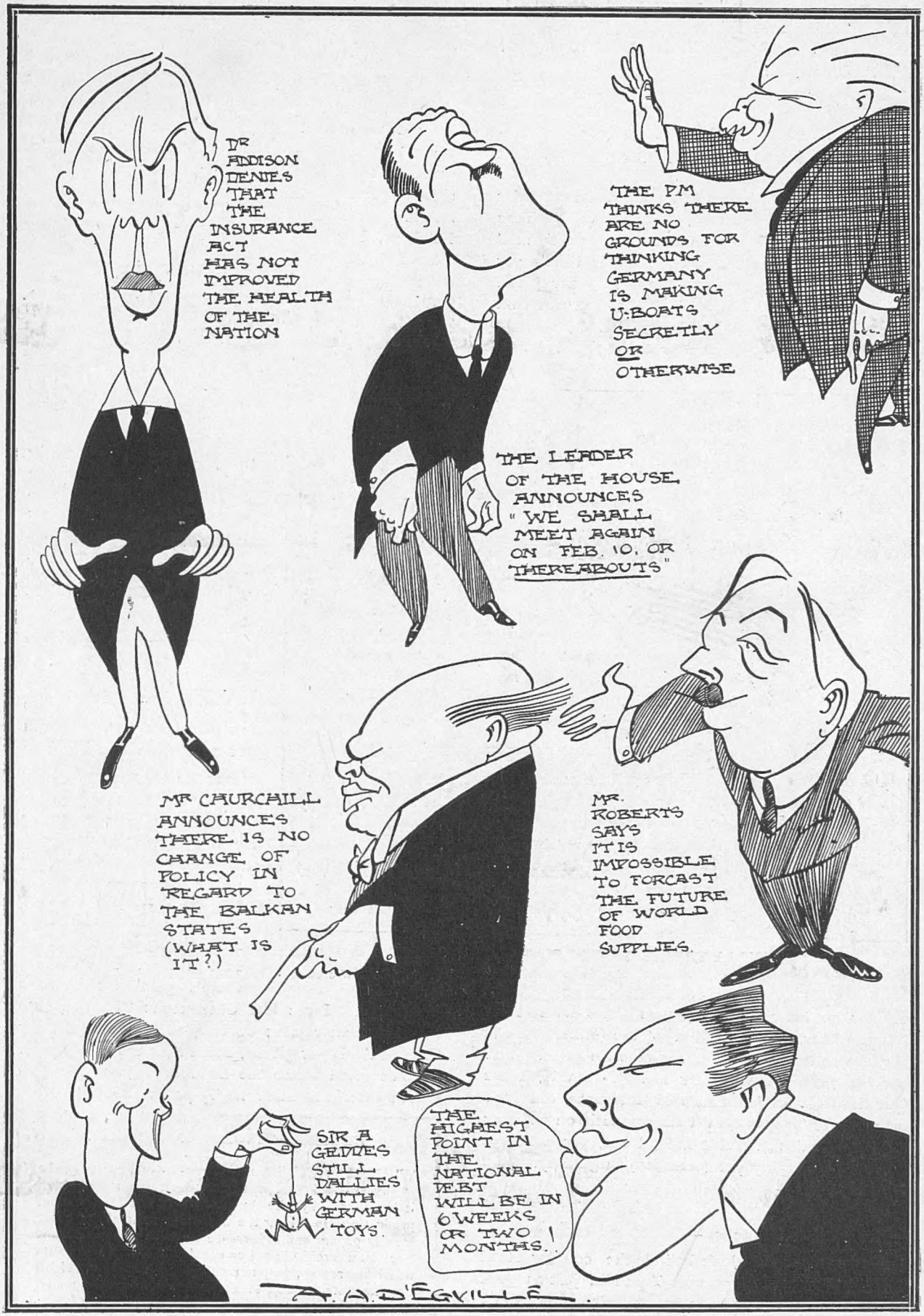
She said too, that she would not be surprised by the election of a King of Hungary, there being a strong monarchical feeling. Everything belonging to the Hapsburgs has been sold, even the uniforms of the Emperor's Hungarian Guard. These were bought by a theatre-manager and used in a comic opera on the Vienna stage.

The Crown of Hungary, the famous Crown of St. Stephen, was likewise put up for sale, but on the day of auction it had disappeared. The belief is that it is being kept for the sovereign whom the Hungarians may one day elect.

OUR ROYAL VISITORS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

The Crown Prince Olaf of Norway arrived in this country a few days before Christmas and has been staying with his mother, Queen Maud, at Appleton House. The group seen above was taken outside Marlborough House shortly after his arrival, and shows (from left to right) Princess Maud, the Queen of Norway, Queen Alexandra, Prince Olaf, Princess Victoria, and the Princess Royal.

Political Personalities in Caricature



IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

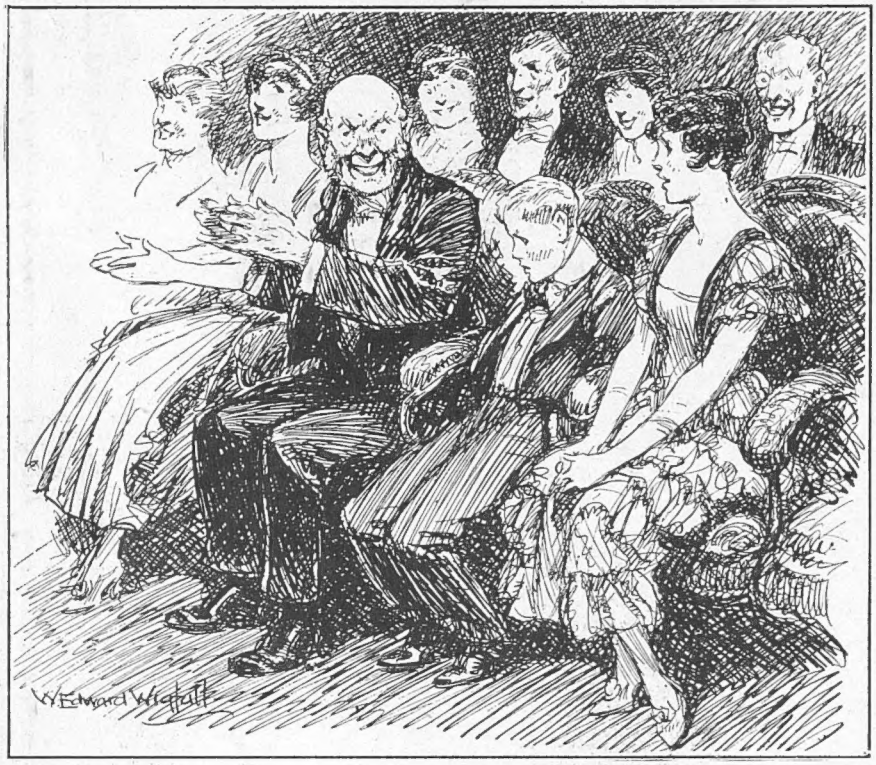
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Happy New Year

"WELL, ole cock," remarked Bill Gawber, shaking into his mouth the last drops of beer, "so the (gory) ole world ain't come to an end! Wot did I tell yer?"

"You tell me such lots of things that . . ."

"'Old yer row an' yer'll 'ear some more. See? You corl this 'ere an interview. My ideer of an interview is a (scarified) solilerquy. See? Since that there Yank professor 'as bin talkin' through 'is Derby (which yer'd know was the Yank fer bowler 'at if yer 'adn't bin ter Eton), I sez: 'Appy New Year ter yer, an' let's 'ope yer'll mike a good resolution an' cling ter the (pink) truth a bit closer than's yer 'abit. Might be a wonnerful year in other ways. I can see that, now I'm beginnin' ter git over that puddin' as Mrs. Gawber mide without currints, or oringe peel, or any o' the (bubbling) gadgets as usedter go inter puddins' when there weren't no (purple) War, ter sye nothin' o' the (scarlet) peace. My, she corled it a puddin'! Same ole game. Mrs. Gawber wouldn't listen ter me. 'Ildegarde, I sez (yer didn't know 'er nime wos 'Ildegarde, did yer? orl along of 'er mar bein' took romantic on the way ter the work'us?). 'Ildegarde, I sez, yer ain't got no corl ter display yer (corroded) originality. Jest 'op round ter—



GRANDPA TREATS TOMMY TO THE PANTOMIME

By W. E. Wigfull

—The National Kitchen—

"AN' sye ter the dook be'ind the counter that yer wants four pounds o' puddin' jest as good as the Board o' Trade mikes it. Then yer won't 'ave ter stew over the pots, an' yer'll sive yer (flocculent) complexion. But she tole me ter shut me mug. She's that 'eadstrong, Mrs. Gawber is. Fact is, she don't 'old with National Kitchens. Sez they don't know wot they puts inter their (sacrificial) coppers, an' that at N.K. 79 the cat 'as disappeared mysterious like. Course I don't agree with Mrs. Gawber, never did arter we left church. I'm fer progress, I am, an' I'm glad ter see as they're puttin' up petitions to Addison ter keep on them kitchens as sived the life o' many a pore workin' man, ter sye nothin' o' using up the stuff 'e (mauve) we coudn't eat if 'e sore it on the kitchen tible. I've signed that petition, signed it orfen, in me own nime, an' in 'Erb's nime, an' in your nime, Clarence. I'm fer the People's Kitchens, I am, an' as the Liberals usedter sye: "Lord sive the People."

Currency

"I'M with you, Bill; all I hope is that you will have in 1920 money to buy these succulent meats."

"Money? Ar, that ain't the trouble nowadays. Wot's money? Ony the (fermenting) product of a printing press. That Chamberlain, 'e's on (ravaged) velvet. Ony 'as ter turn a 'andle, an' out come the (detonating) Bradburys."

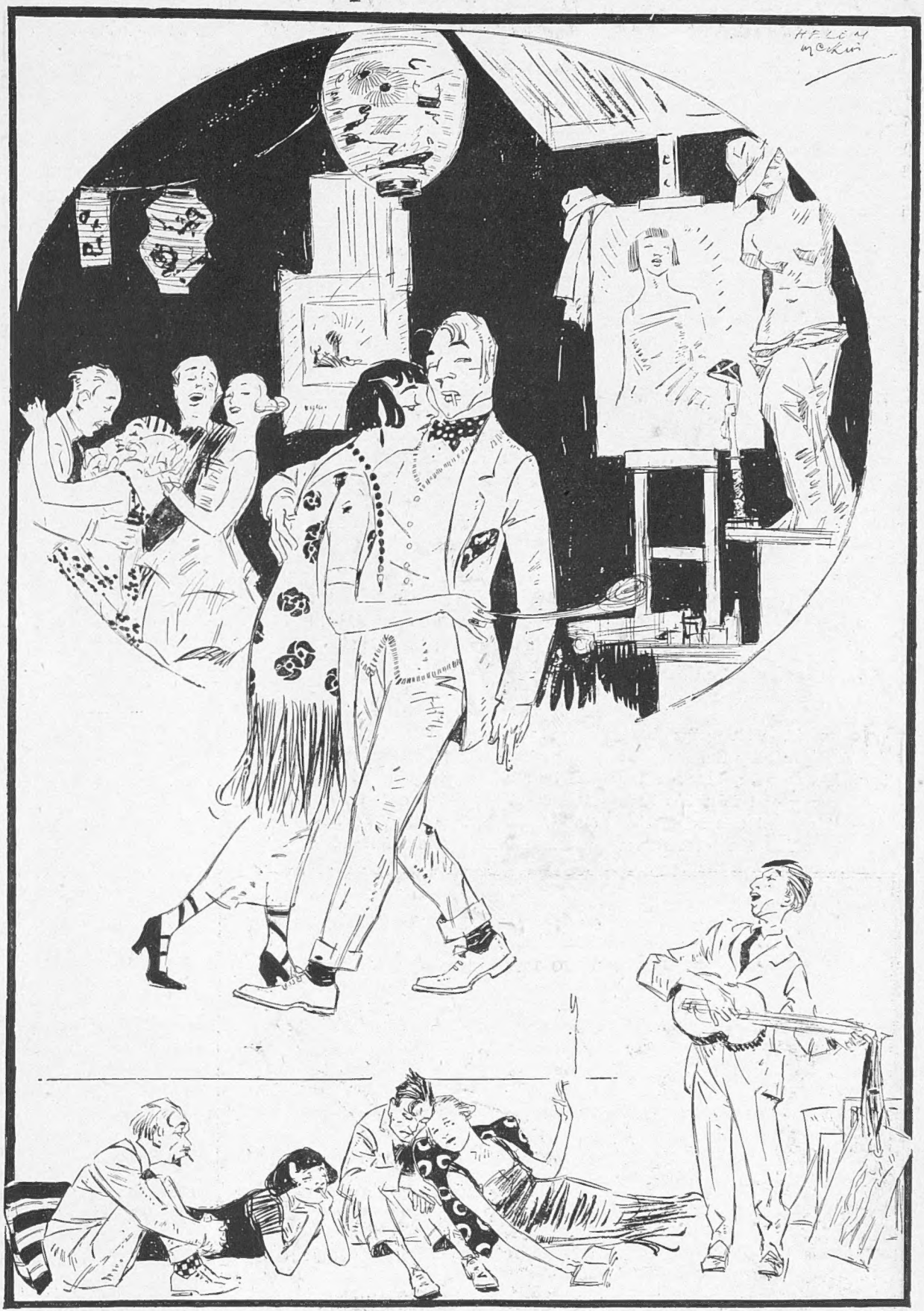
"That's all very well, Bill, but I'm afraid the supply of Bradburys is going to shrink. Yer see, excess of paper money produces inflation (no, not the sensation you had on Boxing Day). And so we are promised that in a month or so deficits will begin to go down, and less Bradburys will be printed."

"Ar? Is that the latest (fetid) Coalishern wheeze? Mikin' money scarce jest as the pore workin' man 'as got the (petrified) torfs on the knee! Sime ole gime! But I ain't goin' ter be taken in this time. Not me! If there's goin' ter be less Bradburys, I sez like Chesterton: 'I don't care where the water goes; So long as it don't git inter the wine.' D'yer git me, Steve? (as the Yanks sez). I don't mind where the Bradburys goes so long as there's enough to mike me 'ip-pocket bulge."

Important Notice to Readers.

THE BYSTANDER, always up-to-date, must now be aggressively so, and announce to its readers that it is obliged, by the exigencies of the high cost of production, to follow the necessary example of other weekly papers and to increase its price to one shilling. Such an unavoidable policy enables it to carry on in its usual smart way, and to continue its weekly novelties by the introduction of those fresh surprises which have made its pages famous among people of discretion in topical art and attractive literature. Beginning with the first issue of the New Year, 1920, January 7, the charge will be one shilling a copy.

Temples of Terpsichore—No. IV. "The Ultra-Bohemian"



We Philistines, of course, cannot possibly hope to realise the relentless strain of daily toil that afflicts the Bohemian "worker." It is only when we meet him—or her—at one of those little "hops" in which he takes a few hours' relaxation from his unremitting labour that we get a glimpse of its effect upon his physique. In the words of the old ditty, "I'm tired, just tired, that's all that's wrong with me," you have the whole thing in a nut-shell!

BY HELEN McKIE

Changes in London Clubs

By ARTHUR MILLS

SINCE the War there have been radical changes in many London clubs. Almost every club has put up its subscription. This is not surprising, considering that the cost of running a club is twice what it used to be. But the changes which have taken place are not by any means confined to an increase of subscription. The tendency of clubs of the present day is to cater for the young man.

THE old-fashioned type of club, which aspirants for membership could take as they found or leave alone, are one by one falling into line with the ideas of convenience which the modern young man requires. They are doing this because they realise that, however stable they may be during the present decade, the time will come when they will depend upon the young men who join now for their future membership.

MOREOVER, wide gaps have been made by the War; the toll of life of men between the ages of twenty and forty has been heavy. Also, and this is another point of which the committees and managements of clubs are perfectly conscious, the fashion of belonging to three or four clubs has died out; young men to-day only belong to one or two clubs, and on the general distribution there are fewer to go round.

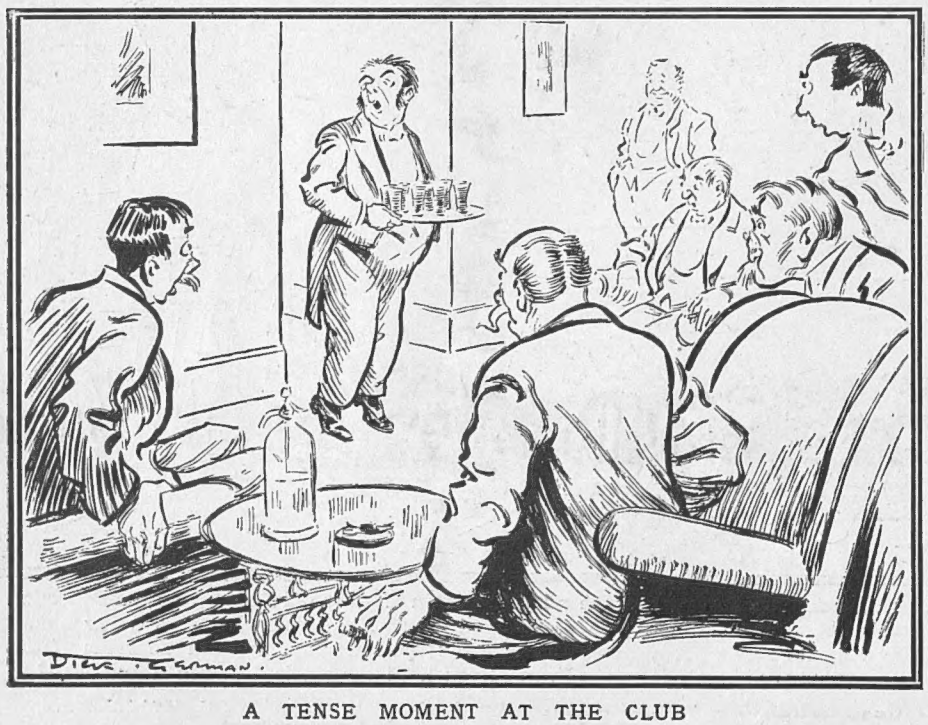
NOW the young man of the present day when he selects his club, is going to choose the club most closely coinciding with his idea of a congenial and convenient resort. A place where he can only smoke in certain rooms, where visitors are only allowed inside the hall, and where ladies are on no account admitted, does not appeal to him. He wants something more up-to-date.

THE new Guards Club, which is shortly to be opened, is to have a ladies' room; this is, indeed, a revolutionary movement. No stranger of any kind was ever admitted to the old Guards Club. There are to be bedrooms, too, and perhaps in time an oyster bar will be added, as they have in the Bucks Club. Another of the oldest clubs in St. James's Street has just cancelled the rule forbidding smoking in the front morning room. Thus ends a fight which has been going on for many years.

ONE of the most venerable members of one of the most venerable clubs in Pall Mall was complaining to the writer the other day that London clubs were not what they used to be. He said: "Three days running now have I observed a member of —— deprived of his favourite seat for lunch. It is a corner seat conveniently near the fire. No one of us older members would ever have dreamed of taking it, but some of the young bloods who have recently joined have no hesitation in sitting where they choose." My friend continued: "The club which the modern young man seems to want nowadays is somewhere where he can rush in, throw his suit case to the hall porter, send out both page boys to look for a taxi, occupy the telephone box with a succession of trunk calls, dine in his day clothes, and puff cigarette smoke in the faces of other members while they are drinking their port."

I THINK my elderly friend took a pessimistic view of the young man of the present day, but there is some truth in his remarks.

The big clubs which are springing up now in connection with aerodromes are possibly the forerunners of a series of country clubs all over the country. The country club has long been an institution in our Colonies and in America. They are a great boon to the tired city worker. He can run out on his spare days and play golf, cricket, tennis, sometimes polo, entertain his women-folk, change, and dine, and in some cases sleep. Ranelagh, Roehampton, Hurlingham are all of this type of country club.



A TENSE MOMENT AT THE CLUB
The waiter is about to sneeze!
By DICK GERMAN

"A Marriage Has Been Arranged"

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE HON. IVY SPENCER

Viscount Churchill's eldest daughter, whose engagement to Mr. Cecil Brassey, eldest son of Major Leonard Brassey, M.P., was recently announced

"Palmam Qui Meruit Ferat"

MADAME ZO ZO *(professional propheteſs)* : "Somebody very near to you is shortly going to have a very great surprise!"

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *December* 29, 1919.

DEAR COUSIN—

HAPPY New Year! And many of them. Great thing about it is that anyway it's a very fresh, a neoteric and green, a perfectly good New Year.

卐 卐

ALWAYS a subtle thrill about the new leaf touch, isn't there? Later come the stains and blotches, but at least it's *tabula rara* to start with. Though, certes, even the best intentioned tablets are perhaps apt to get a little scribbled on a little early, when you greet the baby year where some of us will be paying him homage—at the Albert Hall Chelsea Arts' Ball.

"Owing to the stars in their courses kicking"

卐 卐

OUGHT to think ourselves lucky, I suppose, that we've got a world at all—after all the *chat* there was about a universal bust-up owing to the stars in their courses kicking over the traces, or something. Not, of course, that I, or any *woman*, ever takes any notice of any silly old vaticinations or ominations of *that* kind.

卐 卐

WHAT'S the good, anyway? *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse.* And, as Maurice Baring has translated from the writings of fallen Greece—

Babylon has fallen, and Troy, and Thebes of the hundred gates; and one day even thou shalt fall, O, violet-crowned city, and thou too, eternal Rome.

卐 卐

A WHOLESOME check on self-importance I always think the thought of how little, after all, we matter. Poor human beings, struggling so hard—and we go West and "new cities arise and new shapes of beauty . . . until the world *itself* shall end. And when the world is ended, there shall be new worlds, and these, too, shall live and die, eternal and punctual even as the blossom in spring. . . ."

卐 卐

REMINDS me, these are the days of good resolutions—but is it any *good* making good resolutions? I mean, even Mr. Henry James, by no means one of the "bad" novelists, didn't seem to think they were worth *keeping* even when made.

卐 卐

"YOU go spinning along the road of virtues," said the hero of his *Reprobate* at the Stage Society, the other day, "and what do you see? All of 'em sitting down, partaking of refreshment. . . ." Best New Year resolution to make, I think, is to be resolved to remember that nothing, after all, matters half so much as we think it does. As the old Athenians put it—All life's a stage and a game; either learn to play it, laying by seriousness, or bear its pains. . . .

TAKES some beating, too, I always think, my well-beloved Samuel Butler's short treatise on the art of living. Let us develop—

A sense of humour keen enough to show a man his own absurdities, as well as those of other people. This will keep him from the commission of all sins, or nearly all, save those that are worth committing.

卐 卐

"WORTH committing" is good, isn't it? Leaves one scope, so to speak. Without which, nowadays, you may as well be dead. And having crossed the Stygian creek, then, less than ever, will anything matter—except, perhaps, those little lovely things a poet once wrote of . . .

Snowdrops, in Springs to be
When poppied dreams I keep,
Grow not over me
Lying asleep.
Else might I sadden when
Thy Elfin melody,
Waking Earth up again,
Cannot wake me.

卐 卐

WE see the New Year in, anyway, with invincible gaiety here in London now, if there *is*, before summer's here, to be the biggest strike ever, a few more wars, and such a world-shortage of foodstuffs as never was, not even in the worst days of greaseless, sugarless War. For *weeks* every seat in every restaurant has been booked by the see-the-New-Year-in-ites, and I guess at most of 'em there'll be "some" profit to show on the morning after. Serving the minimum of food at the maximum of price must

"The Albert Hall Chelsea Arts' Ball"

be a lovely *paying* game; and, of course, the longer you keep your customers waiting between courses the more liquid nourishment (at *pounds* a sip) they naturally consume. Must do *something* in restaurants to kill dull care, mustn't you?

卐 卐

And after dinner seems the whole world's dancing—there's a "special" show at every club and dance hall as well as at every restaurant, and the great Bohemian Albert Hall affair! And all done on Pussyfoot—or nearly. Anyway, the most fearful Nemesis is threatened for him who importeth to the Chelsea Arts' Revel aforesaid even a flask. While there's to be no Armistice, I understand, in the matter of that most disgusting of not-yet-dropped war-time habits whereby one must consume all the drink on one's table or in one's glass by half-past nine or thereabouts.

"All the drinks on one's table . . . by half-past nine, or thereabouts"

卐 卐

"Hope of real peace in the New Year," I've just been reading somewhere. But if we can't get rid of Dora *this* year—well, I guess we *never* will, that's all. *Apropos*, not quite finished with the War even yet, it seems. "Life here is dud," writes a minesweeper's skipper from the Baltic.

卐 卐

"Scapa Flow was Paradise in comparison, and we are merely waiting to be frozen out before moving further south, ending up in England G.R.W. 'Fraid we don't look so nice as when we met at Harwich, Blanche. We've all grown beards, and I daren't go ashore for fear of being arrested—I look just like a rat peering through a bunch of oakum."

"All profiteers should be led at least once a day to see how the War was won"

Got hardened and accustomed by now, of course, to paying a pound or so per head per time for badly served, badly cooked, and calory-less lunches and dinners. And adding another 100 per cent. or so, since there's a peace on, to the already pretty generous prices we pay for hats and frocks and shoes and undies and other indispensables. But when it comes to a couple of guineas for a small pot of flowers—the sort one thought dear at 7*s.* 6*d.* before the War, even at Christmastime—really do think something somehow somewhere near the limit has been reached.

卐 卐

Only wish I could think so though. That we had attained the limit, I mean; the boundary, the edge, the thus-far-shalt-thou-go-and-no-further of the wholesale robbery and pitiless plundering and unspeakable exploitation that seems, alas! the one clear, plain, definite, unmistakable harvest we've garnered from the greatest, greediest, awfullest War that ever was.

卐 卐

If they had only known—the men who fell to win it for us! Well, well, thank goodness they didn't, though for them who've come through, and found themselves sunken so tragically soon from fêted heroes to drugs in the labour market, the knowledge must be growing more and more bitterly clear.

卐 卐

For the rest of us, wouldn't be at all a bad New Year inauguration, methinks, a visit to that wonderful War Picture Show at the Academy. Where Art, for once, goes hand in hand with burning reality. Where, I think, all profiteers should be led at least once a day to see how the War was won.

卐 卐

Where tragedy stark and terrible stares out of every canvas for all men to see, be its "school" never so new or its methods unacademic. And heroism, too. The heroism of mud and dreariness and loneliness and dull desolation — and that surely is the greatest heroism of all. Yes, just a mouthful of remembrance wouldn't do us, any of us, any harm just to start the New Year with. Who was it said that for him who is unworthy of his past there is no future?

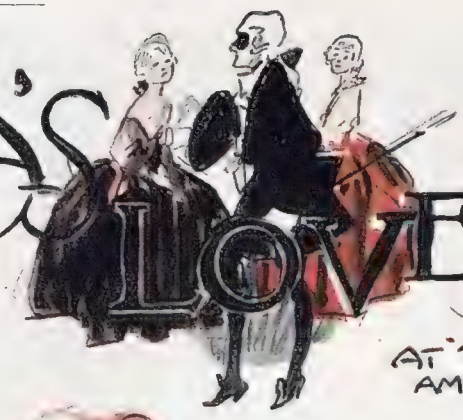
With love, yours ever,

Blanche

"DINNER FORGET"

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

SYLVIA'S LOVERS



AT THE AMBASSADORS:

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a light and bright romantic opera, which should please all who take their music and their humour temperately. One at least of the dainty numbers should achieve popularity, provided amateurs flatter themselves that they can handle it in the efficient style of Miss Desirée Ellinger, the "Sylvia" of the production. The period of the play is 1725, which gives a nice opportunity to the costumier, and enables him to splash the stage with rainbow hues all the time. You would almost think the dear man had heard somewhere that our art-editor had burst out into a colour scheme, and was desirous of giving us a friendly lead.

THE story is the ripe old one of the reigning Prince who falls in love with a peasant girl for what the French call the good motive. I mention this qualification, because otherwise there would have been nothing (so I have been told) unusual about the proceeding. But the old tale has here been richly embellished, and considerably framed and glazed. In some versions of the story the Prince stands aloof, and murmurs sadly that it might have been; but in this play the Prince is a man of action. Having decided that he wants the goods, he takes steps to have them delivered. He sends four of his soldiers to the rural home of his goddess with particular instructions not to use force, but to get the girl anyway. Once aboard the—I mean, once in safe custody at the royal palace, it is hoped that by kindness and the power of the eye he will be able to persuade her to love him for himself alone.

THEN there is the Princess Clementine, who is an inspiration. She is represented most delightfully by Miss Betty Chester, whose genuine and spontaneous humour should go far towards guaranteeing the success of the opera. The Princess is cousin to the reigning Prince, and it would seem that a taste for the peasantry runs in the family. She does not appear to be quite a novice at the game, and once or twice when she is about to remind the ladies of her court of one of her peculiarly personal experiences, the general view politely expressed is that she had better not. The Princess accepts the correction in good part, and admits that, perhaps, after all, they are right. So we shall never know what we have missed. On one occasion she calls one of her bodyguard out of the ranks and asks him how he makes love. He replies that he first squeezes the girl, and then kisses her, and if she objects, he "clouts" her. I believe that in some parts of our own East End a lady's black eye is convincing evidence of constancy in affection.

BUT the Princess rolls her eyes in ecstasy at the blessed words. If only she, too, could be "clouted!" Some such delightful experience very nearly came her way once. She was in the country, and seeing a cow there doing

SYLVIA, however, is not a lady to take treatment of that kind quietly. Some peasant girls, when they wake up unexpectedly in a royal palace, ask themselves, "Is This a Dream or What?" (The answer, of course, is that it is "What.") But Sylvia's awakening is a very riotous affair. A string of Ladies-in-Waiting march into her bedchamber with the various accessories of her toilet designed to make her a grand lady, with the help of the soap-dish and the curling-tongs. We do not know what happens inside the chamber, as this is not a bedroom play; but shortly after entering the lady's presence, all the attendants come rushing out again, moaning and holding their heads to give us the impression that Sylvia has been handing out to them the Carpentier touch.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

nothing, she decided to take a little milk from the patient animal's private store. And just as she had finished, a burly and bucolic young man burst upon the scene; but instead of showing violence to her he was merely and horridly deferential. Such a disappointment! Away in the country Sylvia has a peasant lover, who follows her to the royal palace; and when he arrives, the most elementary law of coincidence makes him turn out to be the bucolic boy of the Princess's fancy. His name in the play is Jacquot, and he is represented by Mr. Joe Nightingale, who is the leading humorist.

JACQUOT is, of course, true to his Sylvia; but he has no objection to a little mild flirtation with a real lady like the Princess. She, on her side, seems to be in the seventh heaven of bliss when he nudges her in the ribs after the manner of his kind; and if she draws back from the entertainment at all, it is only that she may walk to the other side of him and save excessive wear and tear on one set of ribs only. There are, it is clear, two sides to everything, even where nudges are concerned. Then we get the usual case of mistaken identity. When the Prince first met Sylvia he was travelling under an assumed name, which was at least discreet in view of the fanciful path he was treading. While Sylvia is naturally angry with the Prince who abducted her, she has a very soft spot in her heart for the young courtier. And she feels sure she can rely upon him now to get her out of what is virtually her prison. It remains only, therefore, for the Prince to instruct his guards to ignore his rank, in order that Sylvia may love him for the mere gentleman she takes him to be. This part is played by Mr. Patrick Byrne, who has the fine presence and the tuneful voice that are the first essentials of the romantic lover. The second act takes place in a Chinese pavilion in the palace gardens, where in due course we see the ladies of the court prodding the earth gingerly here and there, and flying in terror at the sudden appearance of an earthworm.

THE calling in of a soldier to bayonet the worm, and the apologetic explanation of the Chamberlain that he had given orders for no worms to be allowed in the palace gardens, are samples of a form of humour for which, I suppose, a special education is needed. But the rest of the act gives everybody a fair share of the fun. If the opera had a few more humorists of the quality of Miss Betty Chester its bright future would be practically assured; but in any case it is a daintily beautiful entertainment that is well worth a visit.

JINGLE

Stars in the Ascendant

No. IV.—MISS ELLEN O'MALLEY

MISS O'MALLEY first studied for the stage under the late Sarah Thorne with whom she made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Margate. She made her name a little later as leading lady with the Compton Comedy Company, and first appeared on the London stage at the Comedy Theatre in "The Mouse" in 1902. She was the original actress to play Nora in "John Bull's Other Island," and has played many other parts in Shavian plays, and with the Benson Company. Latterly she took a leading part in "L'Aiglon" at the Globe Theatre, "The Chinese Puzzle" at the New Theatre, and is now with Miss Marie Löhr in "The Voice from the Minaret" at the Globe

BY HIGGINS

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. X.—Reggie on the Boxing Boom

"Of course, there is a tendency to overdo these boxing booms," I said, "but after all . . ,

"My dear old thing . . . "

"One moment, Reggie," I insisted, "I was about to say that on the whole it seems to me . . . "

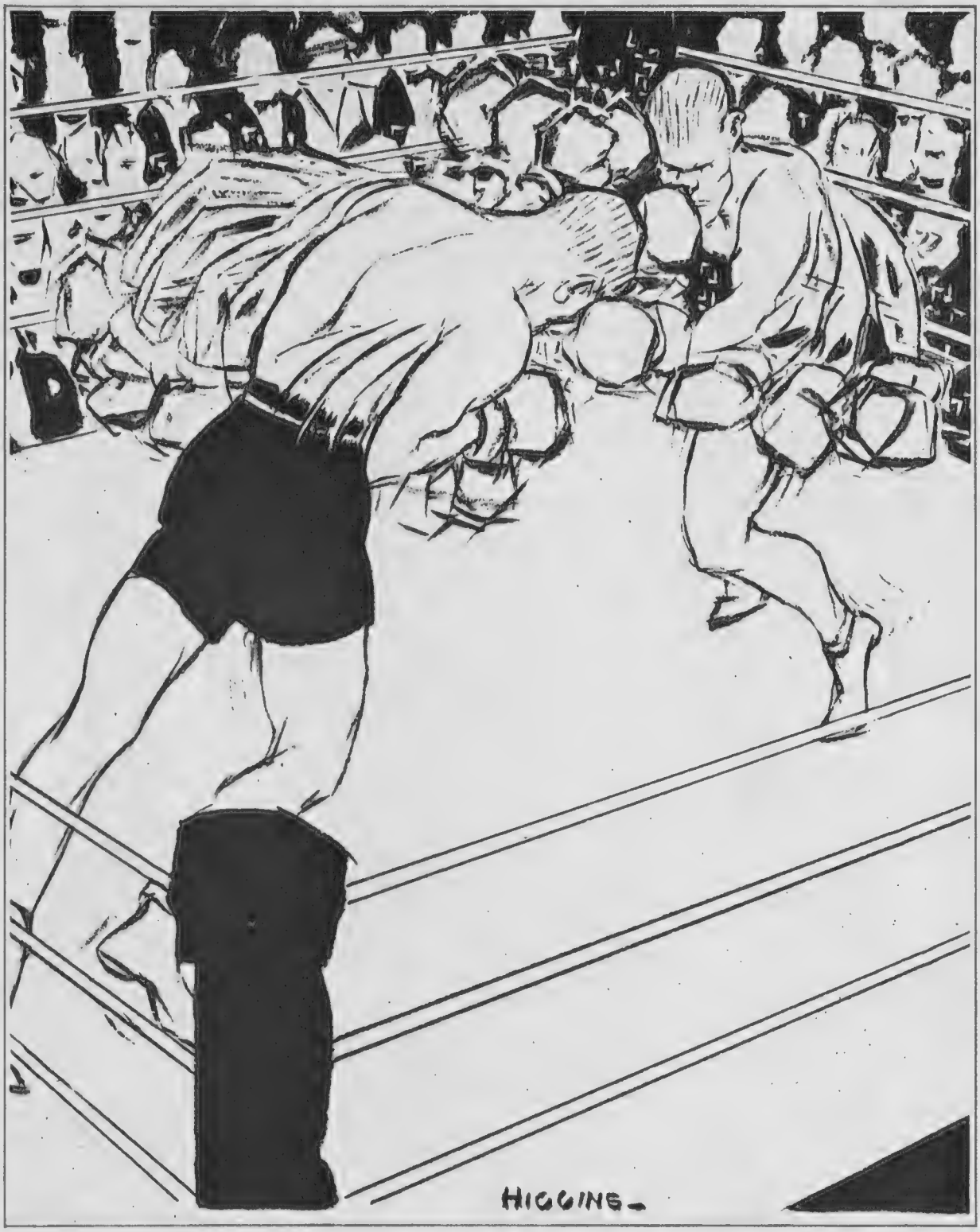
"No doubt it does," returned Reggie, no less firmly. "But if you insist on interrupting, how on earth are we to find out what you really do mean?

"Of course, there is a tendency to overdo boxing booms. It is human nature to take an overdose of the things that please. The small boy after Christmas, the *roué* in his later fifties, the coster after his Saturday night—all of 'em learn the great truth that in this hard world you get nothing for nothing. But, of course, wisdom only comes with a fat-head, or whatever the particular manifestation of excess may be. Man never yet listened to the voice of reason while the lust for a good time was upon him. Imagine the fate of the reckless person who, during the last great wave of boxing emotion, had dared to suggest that the joyful stunt was being a little overdone! You can see the salvos of high-explosive indignation that would have been fired at his impious head by all the good and true newspaper followers of the Noble Art.

"But now that the dust of that epic conflict has somewhat subsided, and the last gleams of the hypnotic eye have died down in the popular press, we may sit up and take notice without danger of instant extinction. I'm human myself. I'm quite prepared to admit it. I was a member of that distinguished audience which, well dined and thoroughly happy, sat back prepared to applaud the doughty efforts of the two great international gladiators. I had paid my twenty-five guineas and was in a thoroughly bloodthirsty mood. I was prepared to see the gentlemen who were scrapping to make a London holiday, give and receive the heftiest possible wallops. And I was one of those who, a few moments later, gasped with indignation on realising that our pleasant Thursday evening was brought to a premature close. Arithmetic is not my strong point, but I calculate that Carpentier's rash and Gallic impetuosity cost me at the rate of something like twenty-one pounds seventeen shillings per minute. I've no idea what that figures out at per annum, but I should say it's almost enough to run a small war.

"And that's my chief kick against these international, high-tension, 10,000 volt, super boxing shows. They end in anti-climax for everybody but the gentleman who hands out the winning punch. For weeks and months our nerves are worked upon by all the subtle arts of modern publicity. The thing that begins as a pleasant thrill, tickling us gently and bringing a touch of interest into our dull lives, develops into a devastating, alternating, million candle-power current straight from the dynamo, which shakes us to bits and makes all our mental nuts and screws drop off. The boxing experts are unleashed and given *carte blanche*. They take it. Day in and day out they squirt into the Body Politic inter-muscular injections of corpse-reviver. Experts in the art of mass suggestion, they play on the great organ of popular sensation with all the *maestro* of Sir Thomas Beecham extracting pleasing noises from his highly-trained platoon. The thing becomes a fever. Flappers babble about Carpentier's triceps, and senile old gentlemen in their bath-chairs swear what they would do if they were only in Joe Beckett's place.

"Meanwhile the cartoonists have been doing their damnedest. Our dreams are haunted by an Ogre's Gallery of strange beings with tiny tummies and huge heads who flit in and out in a sort of Shadow Boxing Show, attended by hob-goblins of the best Willie Clarkson brand. As the Fatal Day approaches the excitement creams



"Nineteen rounds of the best"

over the top. The experts write: 'What I am going to say I have already said twenty times, but it isn't going to prevent me saying it again.' Beckett writes an article in *recherché* English, showing why he will win. Carpentier, who must have been studying our language with some care, counters the hefty blow. Next day every newspaper has articles by both of 'em. Absolute rabbits for turning out articles, these boxing fellers. And finally The Day arrives. All London and the rest of the world is standing on tiptoe. . . . And before the crowds can properly gather round the pub corners to discuss the palpitating rumours fresh from the ring-side, an aeroplane sails over London shedding horrid green lights. The lovely bubble that has been lustily blown for three months collapses in three minutes with a noise like a dying syphon."

"But that's the luck of the

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (continued)

game, Reggie. Obviously . . . ."

"Agreed, old thing, agreed. Don't labour the point. Life is a lottery, and old Father Time is about the only *impresario* who can guarantee the full twenty rounds. I know it. But the yawning gap between promise and performance is a bit too striking. For weeks and weeks we are goaded on to expect the most stupendous gladiatorial display since the day when the muscular gentleman in *Quo Vadis* put it across the Imperial lions. And when the whole thing goes 'phut' we've nothing to put in its place. That's where a Roman Emperor had the pull on Mr. Cochran. If one of his best numbers went west he could always order out a few more Christians or another couple of dozen of Oxo-fed athletes. But once England's Hope gets it on the chin there's nothing for the white-shirted fight lads to do but totter out into the cold December night and fumble in a dazed and drunken way for their automobiles. The cord is broken. The tension is snapped. They are let down with a run and a bump that jars all their finer feelings.

"To my mind the whole system of running these great emotion campaigns is all wrong. There's nothing so dreadful in life as anti-climax; and with the present methods of booming our heavy-weights we run the risk of it every time. It's asking for trouble to promise the public a full-sized banquet and then hand 'em out a sardine. If this sort of thing continues—well, 'pon me soul, by the time England does dig out a *pukkah* champion nobody will turn up to see him paste the other chap. The crescendo is all at the wrong end, and only when the fight comes do we get the soft pedal. I'll admit poor old Beckett wouldn't agree to that, but then I'm speaking *pro bono publico*.

"What our publicity campaigners ought to do is to 'bear' the market from the first and rely on the gentlemen in the ring to supply the upward tendency. Our boomsters have no idea of the value that lies in under-statement. They should begin by saying that there is a rumour that a fight for the world's heavy-weight championship is to take place, but that as the report emanates from New York too much credence should not be placed in it. A little later they could advance a step by saying that the rumour seems to have been fairly well-founded after all, but as the boxers who are to take part are only men of the Dempsey and Carpentier class the event is not likely to arouse any untoward excitement. By now, having got the public slightly interested in a depressed sort of way, they could advance their creeping barrage and point out that though it is settled that the two boxers aforementioned are going to meet sometime, somewhere, the stakes to be divided only amount to £120,000, which in these days of large incomes is rather small beer.

"The boxing experts could now get in their really fine work. After lengthily discussing the points of the two men they could then give cogent reasons for showing that far from the match being of a sensational character it was quite unlikely that either would win. This, by the way, would be much safer prophecy than some of our friends recently indulged in. Later they could point out that though by some mischance—such as one of the contestants pausing to scratch his ear—one of them might lose, it was not considered likely that his opponent would profit by the occasion to declare himself the winner.

"At the same time, the special correspondents who were eating and sleeping with the champions would all wire that both men were in thoroughly bad condition, and each had been heard to say that he'd give his socks if only the dashed fight were over. Then, as a concession to the more sensational element of the public, each champion would be allowed to publish an article saying 'Why I Shall Lose!' Further, skilful *canards* could be introduced into the newspapers, making Carpentier say that he hated *la Boxe*, but would be glad to take on Dempsey at croquet; and making Dempsey say that he had no use for this bum boxing game, anyway, but that he'd be glad to compete with Georges in a paper on 'Why I Believe in the League of Nations.' Finally, a message could de prnited from President Wilson saying that he thoroughly disapproveb of boxing in any form, and that the world would not be safe for democracy until all professional pugilists and secret diplomatists had punched each other into mutual coma.

"On the very morning of the fight the photos of the two champions might be published. But it would be pointed out that although both were apparently magnificent specimens of humanity, appearances are deceptive, and that for all that could be told to the contrary, both of them might be suffering from Beri-beri or sleeping sickness or something. But everybody must hope for the best, and there was good reason to think that when the moment came for what had absurdly been described as the Great Fight, both men would be able to climb unaided into the ring.

"Well, after a careful lowering diet of this description, the public would be in just nice condition. The people's pulse would be normal, and they would not rush up and down wildly muttering snatches of ringside gossip. They would not be expecting much, and therefore they would not be in danger of a devastating disillusion. If the fight ended in nine seconds, well everybody would agree that on the whole it was very encouraging. But if, on the other hand, it provided nineteen rounds of the best, with pieces of Dempsey and Carpentier flying about thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, why the house would rise to them and the world would acclaim them top-hole. For the first time in modern heavy-weight boxing history we should have a climax instead of a washout."

"That's all very fine, Regie, but what about the box-office receipts?"

"My dear old thing, that's perfectly simple. The Government would gladly step in to make up any deficit. The fine old tradition that Britain is supreme in the Noble Art means a lot to these islands. And, if we can't maintain it in the ring, the least we can do is to make it all right at the turnstile."

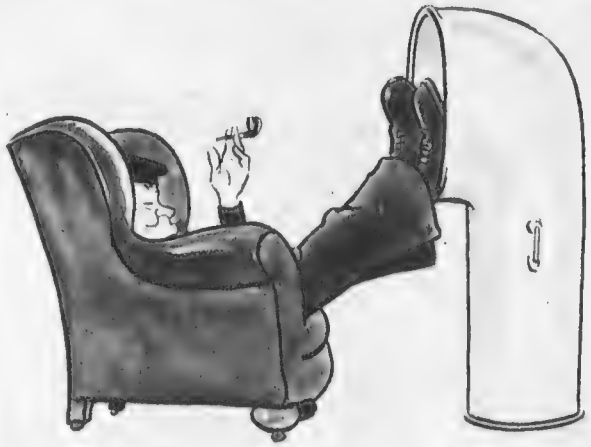
"Under the Mistletoe Bough"

As Old Bill said himself, "Me and Maggie didn't 'arf 'ave a time this Christmas!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

MIXED GRILL

By Reginald Arkell & Alfred Leete



Arm-chairs for the Fleet

A new concession for the Fleet !
A really extra-special treat ! !
For each and all a comfy seat.
Our C.P.O's will shortly sit
(The order says : " Should space permit.)
In nice arm-chairs ! Just think of it !
The same arm-chairs, as I suppose,
In which our Dilly-Dallys doze
While they admire their typists' hose.

A Horrible Thought

A writer, and he wasn't joking,
Says, men talk more when they are smoking.
Our girls, alas, are smoking more,
Than they have ever done before !

Lawyers in Parliament

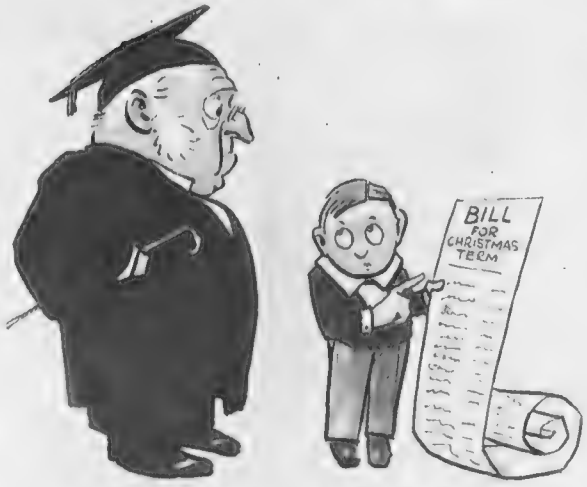
THE laws of this our native land,
None, but a lawyer, understand ;
And honest men must split a straw,
Because the lawyers made the law.
We'd save a lot of cash, no doubt,
If we could turn the lawyers out.

Leap Year

THOUGH ignorance is often bliss,
As you have heard before.
Remember, nineteen-twenty is
Divisible by four.
If I were still a single man,
My motto would be : "Also ran ! "

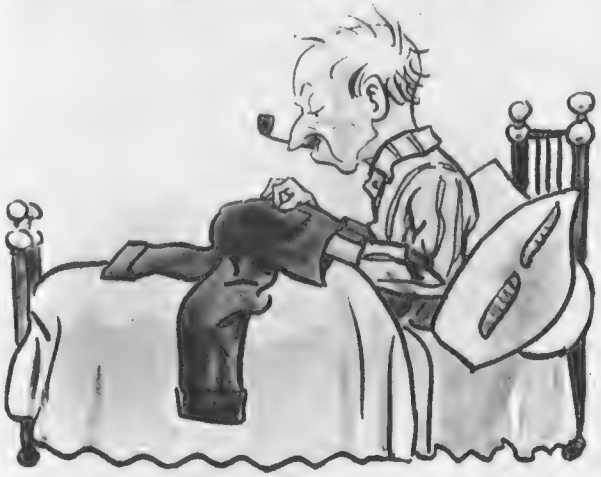
A New Recruit

I always follow football, but, it seems
A pity not to play with local teams.
Chelsea, if captained by Augustus John,
Would really be a sight to gaze upon.



A Boot Allowance

THE lot of P.C., X.Y. 4
Will soon be happier than before,
Because they're shortly going to fix
A minimum of one-and-six,
To compensate him for the boot he
Wore out last Wednesday, when on duty.
Will civil servants get small grants
To put new patches in their pants?



Good Resolutions

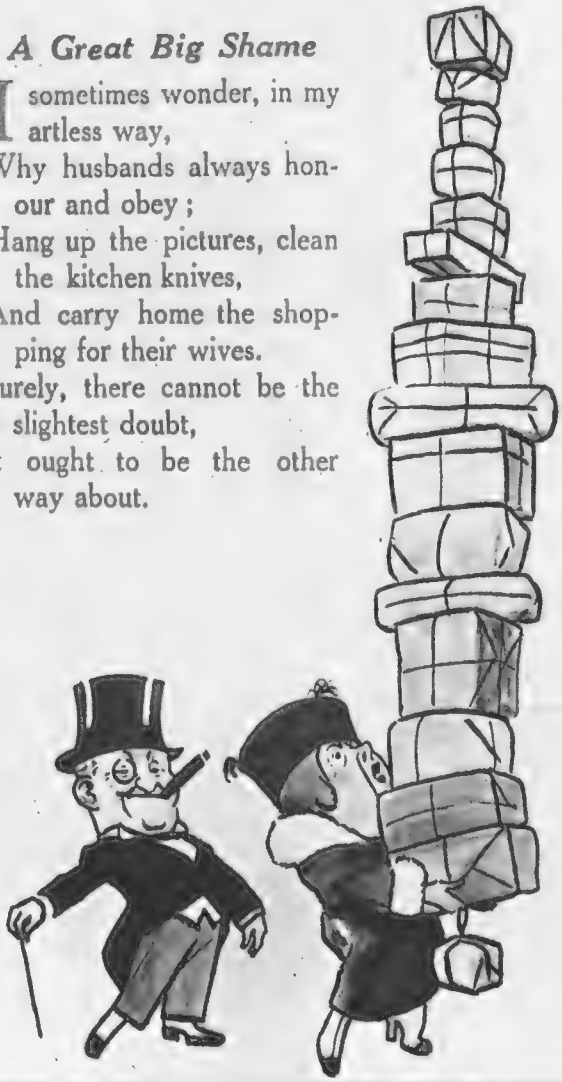
THE other day, in Regent Street,
I met the artist, Alfred Leete,
Resolving that he wouldn't do
The wicked things he wanted to.
Henceforth, he will not dodge his creditors,
Or sell stale jokes to trusting editors.

School Fees

WHAT with all the canes they spoil,
And the price of castor-oil,
It can scarcely be surprising
If the fees at schools are rising.
Schoolboys wonder how on earth it
Can be worth it!

A Great Big Shame

I sometimes wonder, in my artless way,
Why husbands always honour and obey;
Hang up the pictures, clean the kitchen knives,
And carry home the shopping for their wives.
Surely, there cannot be the slightest doubt,
It ought to be the other way about.



"THE END OF

THE SONATA"

BY WILMOT LUNT

Articles of Virtu

A "WA(R)LLACE COLLECTION" OF THE FUTURE

BY BERT THOMAS

ON THE SCENT!

"Constable, can you direct me to Hyacinth Avenue?"
"Hyacinth Avenue, sir? It used to be just here, before they built those blocks of offices"
"Oh! thank you *very much*—and can you tell me where it is now?" By Fougasse

"The Snakey-Trader"

BY THE BYSTANDER BACK IN BERLIN

THE first moral change you experience on returning to post-war Prussland is that you consort contentedly with liars. Exigencies of life require it; and into these exigencies you are quickly introduced by the greatest dignitary that now adorns Germany. He is the *Schleichhandler*. The "Snakey-Trader" is the best translation. The "Snakey-Trader" is Prussland's one indispensable man. He is mightier than ever Wicked Wilhelm was; he is costlier than the whole Wilhelmian family—he is also infinitely usefuller. He is the man who illegally sells to, or gets for, you anything from sixteen ounces of really snow-white baking flour up to the palace of a vanished Hohenzollern.

THE "Snakey-Trader" is your earthly Providence. He feeds you, clothes you, houses you—all at the price of 50 marks for a pound of butter, 5,000 marks for getting you a flat to which you have no right, and, say, 500,000 lies. His trade is the outcome of niggardly, over-regulating Damnocracy. Damnocracy forbids men to make profits. It has maximum prices for everything—except lies. Therefore, farmers and other producers refuse to produce things. The "Snakey-Trader" *Schleichhandler* corrects this uneconomic tendency. He buys things at illegal prices which make it worth the producer's while to produce; adds a mild 200 per cent. for his own modest profit, and transfers the goods to you. Everyone is satisfied; the producer because he earns his living; you because your tummy keeps its middle-aged British rotundity; and the *Schleichhandler* because his purse resembles your tummy.

POST-WAR Prussic conditions foster the "Snakey-Trader." Berlin has not only maximum prices which are absurdly low, but also maximum rations, which are lower still. Nothing is plentiful but bread, as tenebrous in hue as Wicked Wilhelm's conscience and as sour as Wicked Wilhelm's temper. *Lawfully*, you get each tedious week-end eight ounces of meat, four ounces of sugar, and two-thirds of an ounce of butter. Being an over-feeding Briton you would perish quickly on this. The *Schleichhandler* saves you. He raises all the meat, sugar, and butter you want. Did you live on your rations, your weekly diet would cost you a thin ten shillings—which, after all, is now a hundred marks; as it is, it costs each member of your family ten pounds.

THE Snakey-Trader is punctual. Hardly have you reached your destination, hardly have you *gemeldet* yourself to the police, the Foreign Office, the Food-Cards Bureaucrat, the Housing Commission, the British Control man, when along comes Herr Schleichhandler, Or telephones. Usually he is a seedy semi-Proletarian, who has left his farm for his farm's good; but *mein Bruder*, he whispers mysteriously,

"THE SNAKEY-TRADER" (*concluded*)

remains, and through me you can get, at 2 marks 40 pfennigs each, his best new-laid eggs of 1917 vintage. And butter? *Sie wollen vielleicht Butter haben, mein Herr?* You can have all you want. When the *Schleichhandler* learns you're a Briton his zeal quadruples. Without a shade of animus he tells you how he lost his third brother from a British tank (but perhaps brother No. 3 was dunning him for twenty marks); and he shows you plainly that he regards you as a rich, victory-conceited idiot who, in exchange for well-plucked chickens, will become a chicken well-plucked. Such is the master-type *Schleichhandler*.

IN housing issues the Snakey-Trader's indispensable. Flats in Prussic Berlin to-day are as hard to get as cognac on Kolgueff Isle. Every tame Berlin suburblet has a Dwellings Commission of Socialists, who sternly enforce the law that no family shall have only one room per individual, and who forcibly *einquartier* proletarian tenants upon the householder who hasn't voluntarily set lodgers in his empty guest-rooms. Or they'll send along a carpenter to turn your spacious twelve-room flat into two flats, and then they'll deposit beside you a Damnocratic family that'll have access to your Georgian inkstand and your Ruhr brown-coal briquettes. As to unfurnished flats—well, you simply can't get them. In theory. In practice up pops the universal *Schleichhandler:* and if, *mein Herr*, you can pay five thousand in rent instead of the lawful three thousand, and tip me another five thou. for my arduous labours, you'll get a nine-roomed baronial flat with marble-floored bathrooms.

THE rest you do yourself. Having done with the Dwellings Commission, you next make peace with the Central Dwellings Bureau. Learning that you're a Beastly Briton, the Dwellings Bureau is painfully polite. But it's obliged to ask, it stammers apologetically, how many you are in family. You blurt out "Three!" The Dwellings Bureau agonisingly looks at its Housing-Book, which states that your new flat has nine lordly chambers, and hesitates. A brilliant idea strikes you. "But we're expecting another," you remark. You add that your base profession of newspaper correspondent obliges you to have at least two studies and a rejected-articles room. The Dwellings Bureau still hesitates; and now a still brighter idea rises. You remark that though you're expecting only one baby, still one never can tell; these things run in the family, and your father and grandmother were both twins, while your material great-grandfather was the eldest of quadruplets. That settles the business. As you leave the Dwellings Bureau you run across your friend the *Schleichhandler*, and when he asks you insinuatingly did you follow his advice to give an elastic inventory of your family, you answer blushfully, "Yes."

THE Snakey-Trader invites you to hand over another thousand marks—which, after all, at the present exchange of the Bradbury is only a fiver—and you go sadly home, feeling as big a liar as the author of "Ninety-Nine Years at the Court of Kaiser Wilhelm the Wicked."

THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL FAMILY IN EXILE

This photograph was taken at the Château Pranguins, near Geneva, and shows the ex-Emperor and ex-Empress of Austria with their family. It is the first photograph to be taken since their flight to Switzerland

"For Good Luck!"

Training black cats to enter the front door at the stroke of twelve on New Year's Eve

BY HEATH ROBINSON

A Really Modern Authoress

INTERVIEWED EXCLUSIVELY FOR "BYSTANDER" READERS

A chat with Miss Maisie Dashford to whose talent the world owes that exquisite novel "The Old Kallers"

The Bystander IN PARIS

"IT'S CASH THAT COUNTS." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"When I have gone to offer my congratulations"

MES AMIS—

"My dear Philippe," said Mlle. Agnès, when I have gone to offer my congratulations, "I am going to ask of you a great favour."

I knew she was engaged to René and all that, so, of course, being a weak Frenchman, I at once replied that all I had was hers unto half of my coal ration, and that I would go to the end of the earth to fetch her a hairpin. Agnès is so adorable when she wants anything that I almost believed that I would. It is that way that we Frenchmen sacrifice our lives. We get carried away, and waken up when it is too late.

"But it is a great trust that I wish to confide," she said.

"I know," I cried, "I know exactly. Of course I shall do it. You are wise to trust me. You can have confidence. You wish to give René cigars for his *jour de l'an* gift, and you want me to choose them. How sensible you are."

BUT Agnès laughed at me. She has a pleasant laugh, and I envied René. "How clever you are to guess," she said, "but it is not that."

"*Pas ça, quoi donc?*"

"It is," she said, "because you are a Frenchman of your father and English of your mother that I ask you, and I have arranged it with Monsieur the Editor, who is very kind, that you shall do it."

"Do what?" I cried.

Agnès has grey eyes, very grave and quiet, and she has the habit to look at one very straight. "Philippe," she said, "it is a great responsibility. It is the only sorrow of my engagement that I must give it up. You will write to my friends of THE BYSTANDER our little histories of Paris while I am away."

I HAD promised unto the half of my coal ration. "My faith, Agnès," I said, "*vous m'avez possédé*," and all the time she kept her grey eyes fixed on me. *Entre nous*, women like Agnès are a bit too much for me. They are kind of hypnotic. I should not like to be René if he strays from the little straight matrimonial path. My poor old moral was shattered to pieces. "But what histories, Agnès?" I asked. "That M. Paul Deschanel wishes to be President of the Republic, that Madame Landru goes to divorce her husband because she has the suspicion that he has deceived her, that if one dances every day it costs 45 francs a week to the *blanchisseuse*, that the Seine has decided to behave and go back modestly to bed, that they darken the streets like in the time of the Gothas, because there is not enough coal, and they don't pretend any more that express trains will run, or that Spinelli has the most *spirituelle* legs in the world."

"You must not be shocking," said Agnès, and you must tell them *la vérité* because many people write so much rubbish about Paris life."

I ARGUED, I expostulated, I weakened, I capitulated. All week I have been busy collecting little histories. Then I came to the *café des deux Magots*, where Oscar Wilde used to come and admire the Church of Saint Germain des Près across the road, and I demanded *de quoi écrire* from the *garçon*. But my little histories have all gone west. It is only of Agnès and the *jeune fille moderne* that I can think.

That old War we made together is responsible for a lot. I don't

". . . And a millionaire"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

know how it is *chez vous*, but you can take it from me, and I have studied the question a good deal, our girls are not any more like their mothers. Life and love used, in respectable circles at least, to be a man's monopoly. But now our *jeunes filles* have as active curiosity as Americans, and they take English novels, with all that rot about love, for their *Baedekers*.

ONE doesn't really any longer know where one is. We used to keep it dark a bit while we talked about our wonderful women, but the fact was the old Turk didn't have a better time than the Frenchman used to have. Women didn't seem to count themselves any use except to please us and pet us. Then the War came. Some of them went to the hospitals and ambulances, and some, like Agnès and Lucile, started to make a career in the arts. And the dickens of it was they discovered that they could get along all right without the men, while we were clamouring for *marraines* and wanting to be loved.

LASTLY came the Yanks, dear simple-minded fellows. They got landed into marriage in scores as easily as Agnès landed me into this writing business. And the worst of it is they taught our girls to expect so much. There isn't a girl now in Paris who will look at a fellow who hasn't a motor-car of his own or somebody else's, and can't afford to dine every day at the Café de Paris or Ciro's. Or, if it isn't that, he must know the very latest thing in twinkles and tango steps. I tell you, it is an uphill fight to please now, for the lads in Paris. The girls have just gone ahead and left us standing, while we were busy with the Boche.

"It costs 45 francs a week to the blanchisseuse"

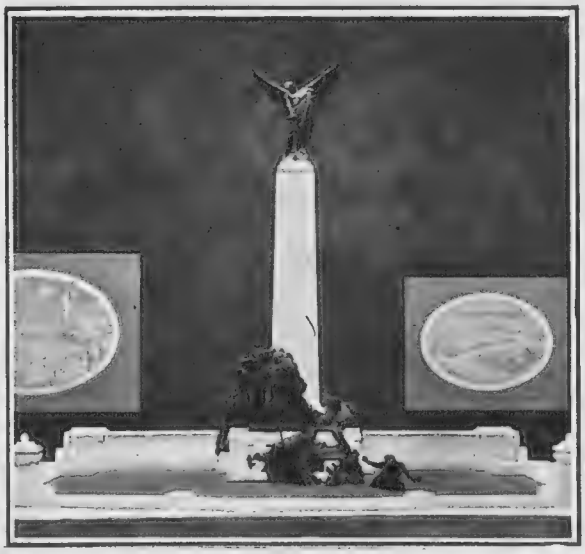
I DON'T know what all you lads who were on the Somme and in Flanders are doing now, but I can tell you the life here is strenuous. One never meets a fellow at the café, or between dances, who does not want to sell one a consignment of condensed milk, or a thousand tins of pickled salmon, or a motor-car. The condensed milk is always at Antwerp or Havre, or some place as remote on our railways as Singapore, but if there is any cash in it some of these lads will sell you slices of the moon, and get it by their own peculiar "System D."

It is all the fault of the girls. Glory isn't worth a row of pins. There was a slump in that when the War stopped. It's cash that counts now in Paris, and if you haven't got it it isn't the least use hanging around expecting anything else.

PHILIPPE

The First Three Designs in the Zeebrugge Memorial Competition

THE THIRD PRIZE WINNER



THE WINNING DESIGN

THE SECOND PRIZE WINNER

The competition for the best design for a memorial to those who fell at Zeebrugge has just been concluded. The winners of the first prize are M. Fr. Jos. Smolderen, architect, and M. Arthur Dupon, sculptor, of Antwerp, whose magnificent work is illustrated in the centre of the above group of three designs. The second prize was won by Mr. Thomas S. Tait, architect, and Mr. Reid Dick, sculptor, both of London, while to London also goes the third prize, won by Mr. E. Frazer Tomlins, architect, and Mr. Benjamin Clemens, sculptor

"YE GO(O)DS!"

BY THOMAS HENRY

The Huntsman's Year

SPRING

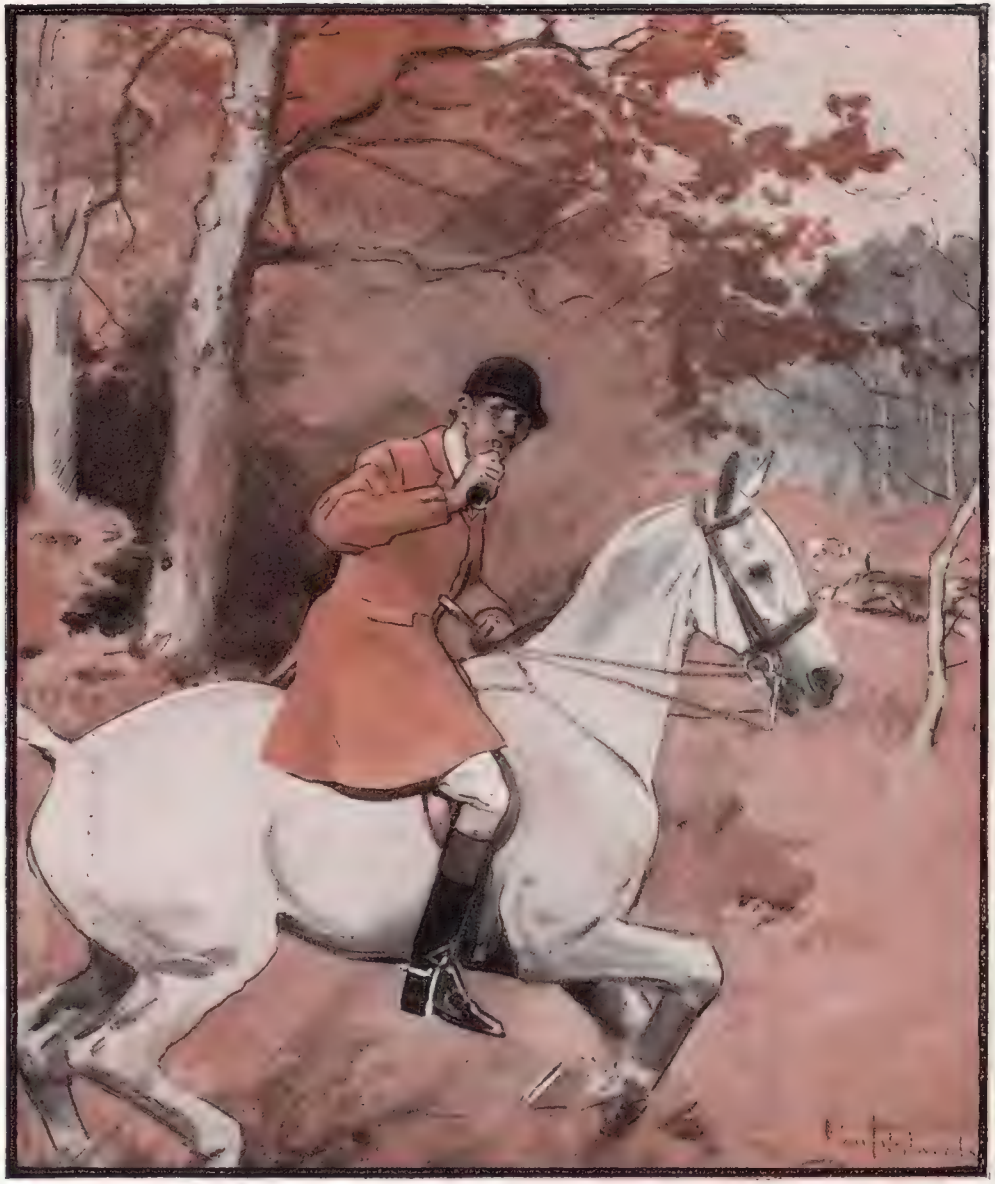
"In thee alone, fair land of liberty,
Is but the perfect hound, in scent and speed!"

—SOMERVILLE'S *The Chase*

SUMMER

"As the hunting season approaches, hounds, like horses, must be conditioned"

—DUKE OF BEAUFORT in the *Badminton Library*



AUTUMN

"Sport in Foxhunting cannot be said to begin before October, but in the two preceding months a pack is made or marred"

—Beckford

WINTER

"Nothing so queer as scent, 'cept a woman!"

—Mr. Jorrocks

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

Our Artist in the Sunny South

On the open market in Southern France you can get lovely flowers, but the lack of change may oblige you to take things which you don't want

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

Monte Carlo while you Wait

No. IV.—The System from the Stars

"Althea Thorne"

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by PIZER

SIR BERRIAN BORRODAILE "felt in his bones" that he had no system in his "lucky bag" which would suit Althea Thorne.

She was, perhaps, the most charming of his guests, but certainly the most difficult.

"I want," she said, "a system which appeals to my sense of mystery. I'm afraid I can't take an *interest* in playing any other kind."

This, after having been shown half a dozen of Berry's best!

"Pity the sorrows of the poor system-monger!" he groaned to the girl he was engaged to marry, Rosaleen Malone.

"Oh, but dearest boy, don't call yourself such a horrid name as a 'system-monger,'" Rosaleen begged. "You don't 'mong'—whatever that means. I was beginning to love Mrs. Thorne; she asked me to call her 'Althea,' and she's given me all her books she could buy in Nice. But now I find her irritating! The 'Vanity Fair's' a fascinating system, and so is the Whole Gamut. I *adore* Bold Paul and even Mean Paul. They're mysterious enough for me! What *is* a 'sense of mystery,' anyhow?"

"Search *me*!" said Berry. "'Pears to be the opposite of common sense. But if she goes on splashing all over the roulette tables because I can't give her a system that suits her blinkin' 'sense of mystery,' she'll feel that she's been lured to Monte on false pretences. A bad 'ad.' for us when she goes home!"

"It won't be your fault," Rosaleen consoled him. "You've fussed over Althea more than over all the others lumped together."

This was true. Still, Berry brooded.

Althea Thorne was rather a mysterious creature herself. At least, so she seemed. Perhaps, however, she cultivated that effect. Eve Phillips said she did. But then Rosaleen said that Eve Phillips was a cat!

"Althea Thorne" was the signature on her books; the strange, dreamy poems with neither beginning nor end, and hardly any middle; the occult stories that made trees and flowers and winds and even the earth itself pulse with individual life; and the delicate, wistful essays bound in star-sapphire blue—Althea's "soul colour."

In every day, human existence (if she could be said to share that) she was Mrs. Thorne; and as there was no Mr. Thorne visible, it was taken for granted that he was dead.

Very little, however, was definitely known about Althea Thorne by the house party at Roc Azur, except that she'd written those odd books, which it had become fashionable to talk of at dinner in a certain set. She'd given Sir Berrian her bankers and publishers as references, also Lord Darkmarsh, the writer of the queerest plays and painter of the weirdest pictures in the world. But Berry had thought it would be interesting to have her in his party, and hadn't worried to make inquiries.

When she appeared, everybody was surprised by her pale, snowdrop beauty and her unmistakable youth. Somehow, one always imagined these writing people must be old!

Althea wasn't old. She looked twenty-five, so might be twenty-nine. Her large eyes were grey-blue, and she never wore any other colour, unless it were a gold tissue over grey-blue, at night. White she might wear, for that "wasn't a colour." Star sapphires were her jewels, with now and then an emerald "for vitality and success" at the Casino. Pearls too; but rubies were anathema. Red made her shudder. And "black was wicked!"

These were a few of her peculiarities. She had many, such as needing to have a room that faced east, and always rising at dawn to "greet the sun." Her windows were never shut, no matter what the weather; and she loved to let her "friends the moon and stars" look in, so curtains mustn't be closed. As for eating, she ate only pretty, innocent things: bread, the more picturesque vegetables; eggs, and fruit.

It was the "element of the unknown" which appealed to her in roulette, and she hinted to Berry that the appeal was strong, although she had "sad associations" with Monte Carlo in a past she was trying to forget. Not that she had ever been at Monte herself. No. But someone she loved had been. And trouble had followed. Still, in spite of this—or perhaps because of it—Monte Carlo and Roulette had called her from afar. She'd *had* to come! She didn't know why. But some day she would know.

In any case, she prosaically wished to win, though she refused to try in any prosaic way.

"It's the *fault* in the roulette wheel I want to find. The secret, the mystery of the wheel," she said. "I'm sure it's there. Many must have looked for it since some old monk invented the game. Why shouldn't the one to find it be Althea Thorne?"

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

She thought that the spirits and the stars would help her, but neither did. She made dozens of experiments in the hope of penetrating to that alleged "fault," which the authorities at Monte Carlo—the power behind the game—were popularly supposed to know and carefully conceal.

One idea was that, if you played both black and red, staking in cash only the "difference" between the sums two players would have placed on both colours, you might thus arrive at the fault. She had "dreamed" that she would succeed thus: but alas, the dream "went by contraries." Even if the "difference" was a good game, Althea Thorne couldn't play it. She "got mixed," and lost money. She lost still more in trying to "cover" all the numbers at once—save one. And it was that one which came.

But when she'd been at Monte Carlo a week, turning up a delicate nose (not meant to turn up) at Berry's systems, she bought a queer green newspaper at the kiosk in the gardens.

This small weekly was devoted to the game of roulette. Systems were printed and discussed. There were answers to correspondence; pages were covered with "Permanences," numbers which had appeared at certain tables; and there were amazing advertisements to attract gamblers.

"How providential!" Berry and Rosaleen (who were with her) heard Mrs. Thorne exclaim. "Look, Sir Berrian!" and she pointed to one of those "ads." which sprinkled the back page.

"A System from the Stars," he read. And, scorn mingling with uneasy jealousy (for was not *he* the champion advertiser?) he went on: "Deep study of astronomy and astrology as a scientific combination has enabled me to invent a system which uses as a lever the secret fault in the roulette wheel. Send one hundred francs, with your name and address, giving your age, sex, date (and, if possible), hour of birth, to The King of Roulette, Box 1005, Poste Restante, Nice. By return you will receive the system, with the modifications suitable to your horoscope."

"What rot!" was Borrodaile's comment. But Althea looked at him almost angrily.

"*I* don't think it's rot," she said. "It sounds like the system of my dreams. I'll send for it at once."

She did. Also she told everyone at Roc Azur what she had done, and all agreed with Berry that she would never hear from the "King of Roulette." The "rest would be silence."

To the surprise of the household, however, on the second day after the posting of the hundred franc note, a large envelope addressed in typewriting arrived for "Madame Thorne."

It was of blue paper so cheap that it had frayed in transit. But it happened to be of Althea's favourite grey-blue. She retired to a distant corner of the garden (breakfast was out of doors) to open the packet unwatched.

The King of Roulette gave such value as he could for her money. Not only was the system clearly typed out, but it was accompanied by a horoscope calculated (he said) from the information Madame had supplied.

Althea was gone a long time—so long, that some of the party had started off for their day's play; but Berry had waited; also Major Lloyd, V.C., who was inclined to admire Mrs. Thorne.

"I'm to begin the game at eleven o'clock to-day, at the first table on the left as I go into the Salle Schmidt," she announced, defying the twinkle in Berry's eyes. "Here's the system if you care to look at it."

So speaking she handed one sheet of the cheap blue paper to Borrodaile, but kept two others.

"You look impressed," Lloyd said, aside, as Berry studied the system.

"I am," Althea answered in the same low tone. "If the system is as wonderful as things this stranger tells me about myself—why, it's a *Miracle*."

Lloyd saw that she intended to tell nothing more; yet he would have liked to know what the King of Roulette had written on those shabby sheets.

As for the system being a "miracle," Borrodaile was prepared after a glance to hoot the idea.

A "System from the Stars," indeed!

AN ATTEMPT TO USE THE FAULT IN THE WHEEL.

"It is well known that the inventor of roulette was a monk, probably the great Pascal.

"This monk was a mystic, a student of the stars. That his brain was steeped in Theology is shown by the fact that he chose to surround the wheel with 36 numbers: for adding these numbers from 1 to 36, you arrive at a total of 666, the *Mark of the Beast*, in The Book of Revelation. For this there is a deep occult meaning, not to be told in space devoted to a system.

"Mystically skilled as he was, the inventor of the game could not distribute his numbers with entire symmetry. If he had done so, he would have attained perfection. As it is, there is a well-hidden fault in the wheel: indeed, there are several faults which grow out of the one; but to play for them all together is difficult. I deal with one alone.

"The red and black numbers alternate evenly round the wheel, but not so the pairs and impairs (even and odd numbers), for several of these lie in couples. It is the same with the manque and passe numbers (before eighteen; after eighteen), and of such irregularities I take advantage in a peculiar way. It is a small advantage, but it is definitely in favour of the player.

"Although the idea is complicated, the procedure is simple. Mark on your roulette card, without playing, the first number which appears. If it be a pair number, your next play is black; if an impair number, you play red: and this for the reason that there are two more pair blacks than pair reds; two more impair reds than impair blacks. Thus, when there is a run on pair, there should also be a run on black: and with impair and red the same.

"Behold a fault in the wheel! But dependent upon that is another, which can be used to buttress a game founded upon this fault.

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

"Take the table of the game. Look at it closely. Observe the two last columns. You see that in the column 35, there are eight blacks to four reds, while in the column 36, there are eight reds to four blacks.

"When you play, therefore, as indicated by the appearance of pair or impair, staking on black or red as I have directed, stake also another piece on column 35, if you are playing black; or column 36, if you are playing red.

"There is not enough advantage to be gained in this to make 'flat' stakes worth playing except on a very good pass. But here is an effective progression for the game. This is sometimes called *le Montant Simple.*

"Play one unit on black or red, while you win. At the first loss, increase the stake to two units. If that be a loss, stake three, going up one for each spin of the wheel, after this, win or lose, until you have got all your losses back from the bank, or are one ahead on the game. Then, for prudence, return to a stake of one. Or, if you wish for excitement instead of prudence, paroli; which means, leave on all or part of your win in the hope of winning once more, thus realising a large gain at the bank's expense.

"On the column, it is necessary to increase the stake only after two losses, instead of one, as the payment for a win is two pieces for one."

"Such was the King of Roulette!"

This was the practical part of "The System from the Stars." But to live up to the name he had given it, the King of Roulette added certain details: the table to choose in the Casino: the day, the hour, and a few other such instructions, which all save a superstitious, excitable woman would have set down as beneath contempt.

"There's nothing startling in this," Berry said, at last. "It *does* seem to be a 'fault' in the roulette wheel that there should be more black pair numbers than impair, more red impairs than pairs, more reds than blacks in a certain column, and vice versa. But *I've* never been able to build up a satisfactory game on those peculiarities."

"This other man has," Althea reminded him.

"That remains to be seen!"

"It shall be seen—at once!"

She had to make haste, if she were to begin at the hour appointed, and the three walked fast to the Casino, Althea half hoping for more taunts from Berry. He kept his own counsel, however, seeing she was in no mood to hear advice from him. Otherwise he would have suggested waiting to watch the table before attempting her game; because runs were necessary for success. But nothing would have induced her to wait. The gentle Althea fought for the sole vacant chair with a stout elderly Swede, and got it. The clock over the door said "eleven," and at the same instant number "eleven" was announced by the croupier.

Impair! She flung herself into the game according to the "stars," and—lost continually. Whatever she did was wrong. Her money diminished, but her courage kept up. A man able to tell the secrets of her past life could not be a fraud! And the stars did not lie.

Suddenly, by a queer coincidence, a mystic ornament she wore—a star-shaped brooch of star sapphires—fell from her blouse on to the table, and rolled where a vanished pile of louis had been.

Althea shivered. She felt in her spine that the King of Roulette must have been thinking of her—must have *willed* this.

On one of the typed sheets which she had not shown, he said, "If you have a jewel which you value more than any other, place it on the table when you play, preferably your birthstone."

The sapphire was her birthstone, and she had laid her latest purchase—a ring—on the table. But of course, when she searched her own heart, she *did* value the brooch above all other things. Only, she had not wished to search her heart. The memories connected with the brooch were sad. Someone she loved had brought it to her from Monte Carlo years ago—a souvenir of his luck, with wishes for hers. That luck of his had ended in disaster, for it had led him back to Monte Carlo and to other gambling places. Much money had been lost—*her* money. She had been bitter in thought and word. The two had parted, their paths dividing utterly. Althea's loneliness had turned her thoughts to writing. She had succeeded, and made more money than had ever been lost; so, in a way the star brooch *had* brought her luck. It was the one thing she had kept which could remind her of the giver.

Now, fortune turned for her the moment the jewel took the place of the lost counters. The intermittances which spoiled her game, ceased. Runs came. Wins piled up.

"Are you lunching with us at Ciro's?" Eve Phillips asked over her shoulder.

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

"No," Althea answered. She wanted only to be left alone; but when presently she saw Major Lloyd playing at her table, it did not disturb her. She knew that he was there from motives of chivalry, and she was grateful. The question flitted through her head, was he falling in love with her? But there was no time to answer that question. Instead, she raked in a big win on a column and colour.

At last, something within her seemed to say "Stop!"

It was doubtless the voice of hunger, but her mind had no room for so sordid a solution of the mystery. She heeded the warning, and saved a series of losses, which she saw roll harmlessly by as she gathered up her winnings. Again, the Man of the Stars had *willed* luck to her. Yes, she was sure!

Presently, Mrs. Thorne was receiving congratulations from Major Lloyd. She had won more than three hundred louis, and he was delighted, though he himself had lost. The others had changed their minds and motored over to the *Reserve* at Beaulieu for luncheon. Would Mrs. Thorne have something with him?

"Just a sandwich in the Casino restaurant, then," she said, "for it's three o'clock already. I have to go to Trinité Victor—wherever that is—make a call, and get back before dinner."

"Trinité Victor!" echoed Lloyd, surprised. "Isn't that a suburb of Nice where they play illicit roulette for one franc stakes?"

"I don't know," said Althea. "All I know is that my King of Roulette lives there. I must meet him!"

"He dared to suggest that?" Lloyd exploded, reddening.

"No!" Althea defended the star man. She explained that he'd given his private address in a short, but oh, *quite* respectful note, requesting to be informed if she won on his system at the first *séance*. "He asked for *nothing*. It was the horoscope he gave that makes me want to see him."

"You certainly can't go alone," protested Lloyd. "It may be a regular den of thieves."

"The man must be rich," argued Althea. "Why should he not be when he can invent such systems?"

The V.C. could not explain why not. But he did say so much about Althea's plan that at last she consented to let him go with her to pay a surprise call upon the King of Roulette. Lloyd hired a taxi, and together they spun through the early rose-coloured sunset of the South, along the blue line of the sea on the Lower Corniche.

"Chalet Spinelli" sounded noncommittal. But it looked sordid.

The ugly brown door was opened by a big untidy woman in a dressing gown. Mrs. Thorne's heart sank. Could this awful person be the wife of "S.S."? (These were the initials given with the address of the Chalet Spinelli.) Althea felt weakly tempted to turn and flee. But, if only because of Major Lloyd, she would not do that! Under the creature's blank stare, however, she grew confused. Instead of inquiring for "Monsieur S.S.," she asked for "Le Roi de la Roulette."

The woman laughed, evidently she knew the royal rank "Monsieur" claimed.

"Oh yes, Monsieur the King lodges here. He does me that honour!" she replied. "Perhaps Madame has brought him something from the Royal exchequer? That would be well for me. Certainly Madame shall see his majesty. He is at home. He does not go out by day. The state of the Royal wardrobe is not good. Will Madame walk in?"

As she spoke, the woman flung open a door without the ceremony of knocking.

Althea hung back; but it was too late. A man lurched into the framing doorway—a tall, cadaverous and miserable figure; a man of almost any age from thirty-five to fifty.

Once he might have been handsome. His features were well cut, and the brows finely marked. But now, eyes and cheeks were hollow; the black hair, streaked with grey, was long and unkempt. A blue shadow darkened the unshaved cheeks and pointed chin. He had a hungry look, as if he were starved of all that could make life worth living.

Such was the King of Roulette!

Major Lloyd's first emotion mingled contempt with disgust. This piece of human wreckage was doubtless a ruined gambler who had come to the end of everything. He had asked Mrs. Thorne to write to his private address, if she won, for no other object than to reply with a begging letter. She had called instead of writing. Considering the figure he cut, that couldn't be a pleasant surprise for the King—no pleasanter than the sight of him to the eyes of the lady! She must be got away at once. Lloyd—suddenly conscious of his own well-groomed, cold-bathed decency—was glad that he had come. Perhaps it even dimly occurred to him that the contrast between the two men would be to his advantage with Althea.

These thoughts flashed through his brain in an instant: that instant in which Mrs. Thorne and the King at the door stood in silence. Before Lloyd could speak, she had cried out sharply.

"*Stephen!* My God, it can't be you?"

The object dropped its head. "I—didn't mean you to come—or to know," it muttered. "Go—go back now—and forget. I wouldn't have had this happen."

"But you *knew* it was I! You wrote—you told me the past; you spoke of a '*jewel*'"—She seized the door, which the King of Roulette would have shut, hoping to retire behind it.

"I—thought I'd like to hear from you again. It wasn't to beg. I've sunk low, but not as low as that. When the letter came signed with your name I——"

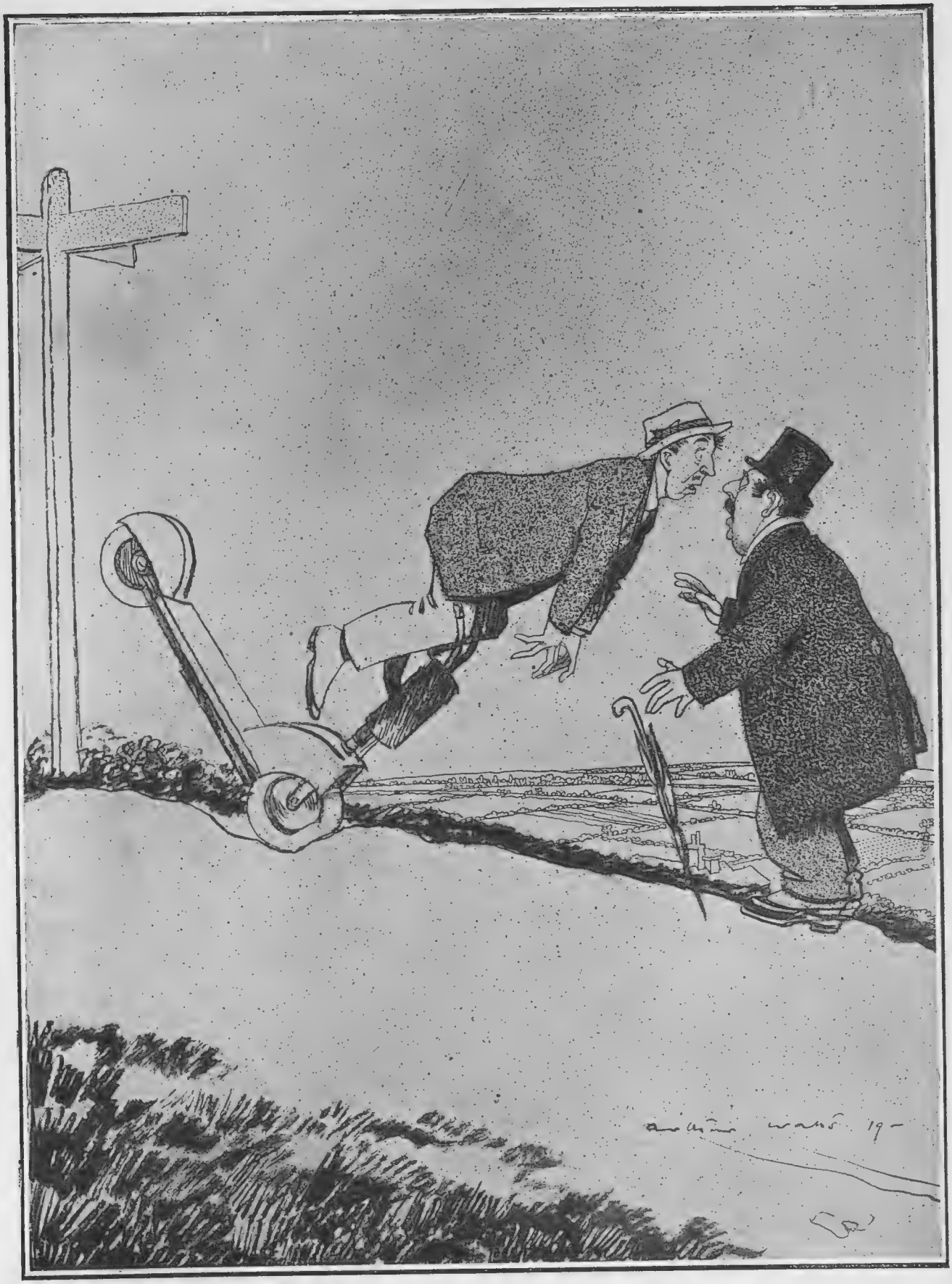
Suddenly though very gently Althea pushed the thin figure into the room that made for it a sordid background—half bedroom, half kitchen. She followed swiftly and shut the door. Lloyd was left standing in the passage, which smelled of fried onions.

What could this man whom she called "Stephen" have been to her?

The delicate bubble of romance which Lloyd had

Concluded on page 1142

Triumphs of Invention—No. II.



"THE SCOOTER"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (concluded)

begun to blow in rainbow colours broke. Nothing was left but a patch of soapsuds.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur!*" chuckled the fat woman in the dressing gown. "A pretty scene," she went on, in Marseillaise French. "A reconciliation, *n'est ce pas?*"

"I don't know," mumbled Lloyd, at a loss what to do; whether he should wait where he was; whether he should sit in the car; or whether he should walk to Nice, take the next train to Monte, and leave the taxi for Mrs. Thorne.

"*I* know, then, for I have my wits, me!" snapped Madame. "My lodger, who pretends to the name of Smith (she pronounced it 'Smitt,') has told me of himself. He was rich and happy—rich with the money of his young wife, a *demoiselle Americaine*. Once, she went to her home—New York. He had been ill: a *bronchite*. The doctor ordered him South. He came—to Monte Carlo. He won—made much money. But that success was his ruin. He tried always to repeat it—at all the gambling places of Europe. But he never could. When most of his wife's money was gone, they quarrelled and parted. Monsieur Smitt could not give up his passion. He drifted here. With a few francs a man can still gamble at Trinité Victor—and those francs this one makes by selling systems—now and then! —and calling himself the King of Roulette. Doubtless this is the wife. There was no divorce. She will take him back again."

"Not possible!" revolted Lloyd.

"Monsieur, who knows women better, you or I? This is the country of bets. Shall we bet?"

"Certainly not!" Lloyd refused.

The fat woman turned on her heel with a laugh and a shrug.

Perhaps the soldier would have turned on his heel also; but at that moment the door opened.

Mrs. Thorne looked out. Behind her was the King of Roulette, a wreck still: and yet—some strange radiance shown through the shabby surface of him, something in his eyes said "I was a man once. It may be I can be a man again."

"Major Lloyd, you—*understand?*" Althea pleaded.

"I—think so," Lloyd stammered.

"It's my husband," she went on. "I loved him dearly once. I've never loved anyone else since. I know now I *never* could! We're going back to Nice. I want to find rooms at some little hotel. When—when you see him next, you will think that —to-day is a bad dream of him you had. Oh, it *will* be so! This is fate. The whole affair is fate. We'll be ready in a few minutes. We'll taxi to the railway station. And I want you to explain at Roc Azur, will you? Say that to-morrow—I'll send my cheque—and my address at Nice, for my trunks. Will you do this—for me?"

"Yes," answered Lloyd.

She held out her hand. He pressed it.

"I give you as a legacy—the system," she said. "Play it. 'Twill bring you luck, as it did me: the System from the Stars!"

ANOTHER "CRIMSON ALIBI"!

His Worship: "Have you a wife in Valparaiso?"

Alleged Bigamist: "Never been ashore there, yer Worship!"

By Alfred Leete

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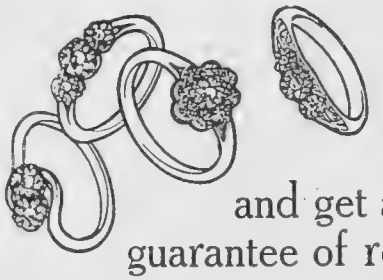

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A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF THE VICTORY CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA

BY FRED BUCHANAN

GAMES and PASTIMES

M. HOWELL
Captain of this year's Oxford Cricket and Association Football Elevens

C. N. LOWE
The Cambridge and International Rugby footballer. He is still about the best three-quarter back in England

J. S. F. MORRISON
Captain of this year's Cambridge Cricket and Association Football Elevens

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

On the eve of a New Year one's thoughts naturally roam over the events of the old one. For those who have anything to do with Sport there are pleasant thoughts in plenty. Sport, in the great game of Reconstruction, has given points and a beating to everything else, and I say that it has given points deliberately, because it has undoubtedly been handicapped by the way in which the return to normal conditions in a wider sphere of life has been hampered by adverse conditions of various kinds.

At the beginning of the year the reaction which had set in after the strain of more than four years of War was answerable for a good deal of restlessness and anxiety, from which sport did not altogether escape. The idea that life was going to be totally different from what it was before the War gave rise to a belief in many minds that sport would never prosper if conducted on pre-war lines, and one heard a lot of talk about the necessity for "speeding-up" our national games. There were those who believed quite firmly, for instance, that cricket was too slow a game ever to regain its pristine position, and the experiment of cutting down the duration of the matches in the County Championship from three days to two was a concession to that belief. We now know that cricket stood in no need of such heroic measures; that there is nothing whatever the matter with the game as a game, and that if the standard of first-class play was not always as high as it has been in the past, this was the natural and inevitable consequence, common to all games, of the War.

As a matter of fact the cricket season, taking it all round, was a far more successful one than could reasonably have been expected, and it was gratifying to find that the game still had its large following of onlookers, who were connoisseurs enough to enable them to be thoroughly appreciative of the finer points of the play, and would keenly resent any attempt to make the game more spectacularly interesting for those who understand it less thoroughly.

There were suggestions, too, for the "speeding-up" of Rugby football and the making of it more spectacularly interesting; but they met with practically no response. Rugby football is probably the most independent of all games and its players are all amateurs. Consequently they can exercise the right to play Rugby in the manner that gives most enjoyment to themselves; they are not out, like the professional Association player, to amuse other people. Here again, however, one finds that, as in cricket, the crowd which goes to look on at a match is a crowd mainly of connoisseurs, and one has only to visit any ground in the Kingdom on a Saturday afternoon where a match between two good sides is in progress to realise that "Rugger" has just as great a hold as ever on the affections of the public, and that

D. J. KNIGHT
The outstanding amateur batsman of the year

ABE MITCHELL
The outstanding professional golfer of the year

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

the standard of pre-war play is surely, if slowly, being regained.

ANOTHER manifestation of that spirit of restlessness to which I have alluded above, was apparent in the preaching of those who maintained that we must look to young players alone for the reconstruction of our games, and that players who had reached maturity before the War must necessarily be regarded in 1919 as *passés*. They were right only to this extent, that every encouragement should undoubtedly be given to young players; that, indeed, goes without saying. But events have shown that to apply the "scrap-the-lot" theory, in the choosing of representative players, to those who were prominent in pre-war days, would have been a grievous error, and the extent to which the so-called veterans in nearly every branch of sport have succeeded in renewing their youth, has been one of the most striking and most pleasing features of a memorable year. They may not, in some instances, have proved to be quite the men they were in 1914, but they have often proved better than some of the best novices, and younger players who have played with and against them have benefited not a little therefrom.

G. L. PATTERSON (Australia)
Who, at his first essay, won the Championship of Lawn Tennis at Wimbledon

LASTLY, in recalling 1919, we shall always remember the leading part played by the Colonies in the revival of sport. Considerations of space confine me to a single instance, that of the young Australian, Gerald Patterson, who on his first visit to England (and consequently at his first attempt) carried off the Championship of lawn tennis, a feat which no other player has ever achieved. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that lawn tennis revived with the most extraordinary rapidity. It was popular enough before the War, but it has become even more popular during the past year. This has been in no small measure due to the presence in our midst of so many expert young players from the Colonies, and also to the visit at the time of the championships of several famous French players, including the wonderful girl-champion, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, who won the ladies' championship on grass for the first time for France. H. S. S.

"The Interrupted Jazz"

To meet the many requests a reproduction of this Picture is now published in colour, 17in. by 12in. at 1/-

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FOR HER AND HER ALONE

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THIS affliction of telling the truth will be the death of me—when I grow old and ugly. But it really is a fascinating adventure. It is rather a shame to spoil the beautiful Peace and political loud laughter, but the future is ominous. Heaven knows I am not a pessimist, but omens are omens, and I fear the defeat of man. Not by wars, but by women. Ominous in khaki, for years our splendid women have stalked our streets—and favourite hotels—shouldering everyone aside with militaristic intolerance. And now when the fair Bellona condescends to flimsy mufti, her full intents are revealed—to say nothing of other revelations. Daily her deeds of derring-do fill our papers—and our divorce courts.

* * * * * * * *

The aim of woman is the complete subjugation, financial and physical of the male. Man must not be allowed to develop beyond his elemental functions as fertiliser and provider. It is for him to be drab and sombre and ruthlessly to economise, in order that woman may annex the limelight, the colour, and the gaiety.

And the aged, the futile, and unfertile members of his sex, rush sycophantically to Bellona's aid.

"Let the young man of to-day be manly! Coloured clothes and shapely cuts are not for our stern and truculent sex," cries the elderly and corpulent traitor to his sex, stroking his stimulated stomach, and smacking his lascivious lips.

* * * * * * * *

And woman subtly laughs! And so—Let woman, lovely, altruistic, timid, shrinking woman, array herself in thousand-guinea sables! For her let the osprey be stripped of his breast feathers! Let the unborn lamb lose its astrachan and the bird of paradise its tail! Let the misanthropic oyster be deprived of its one ewe-pearl!

For her let the diamond seekers sweat and toil till their tongues are parched and their eyes bloodshot! Let the jazz band strive in frenzy! Let the chefs concoct wonderful dishes! Let the vines ripen! For her and her alone!

* * * * * * * *

"Hell," said the Duchess, "let the young man remember that it is for him to provide and to pay, not to vie."

"So let him economise and wear sensible shapeless Victorian clothes. A coat of unobtrusive drab and a serviceable umbrella are his natural portion—all else is decadent and effeminate in a male."

And one vast twitter of applause arises from myriads of female throats.

* * * * * * * *

Man must stand for at least an equality of the sexes. He must fight against this insidious Pussyfoot propaganda. Hideously outnumbered as he is, man has his rights. Imagine for one moment the scornful fury of even a small part revue actress condemned to wear for her nightly jazz the ludicrous lingerie and lachrymose clothes of the darkest Victorian age! It is only on rare occasions I scratch back at the primitive sex, but when this appears perhaps I may lunch alone for a while.

* * * * * * * *

Correspondently, this house continues to supply antagonistic clothes to the young and virile generation at prices not immoral. Lounge Suits from £10 10s.; Dinner Suits from £14 14s.; Dress Suits from £16 16s.; Overcoats from £10 10s.

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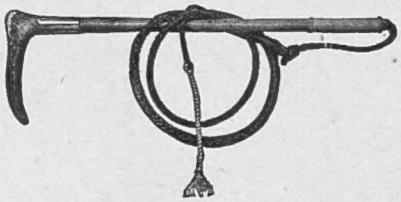

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THIS is the famous Shape "40" Summit Collar with the lock top. An indication of its popularity is evidenced by the fact that it has been found necessary to hold a stock of it in no less than five depths, 1¾, 2, 2¼, 2½ and 2¾ inches. Then in each depth there are quarter sizes—every quarter inch from 14 to 18 inches, with a 13½ inch in depths 1¾, 2 and 2¼, and sizes 18½ and 19 inches in depth 1¾. This unique range of sizes and depths gives you the widest choice ever offered in collars, and enables you to secure that exactitude of fitting which means perfect collar comfort and appearance.

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Racing Notions

MANCHESTER BY "CARBINE"

No More Assumed Names

An interesting little change which marks the beginning of the New Year on the Turf, is the enforced abandonment of assumed names by those owners who have hitherto endeavoured to conceal their identity. The effort at concealment in many cases has not been very serious. I have often wondered why certain people went on paying the registration fee for a *nom-de-course*, when their identity was perfectly well known to nearly every regular racegoer. We all knew, for example, who Mr. Fairie was when the late Alfred Cox raced under that name. There was no mystery about the fair lady who raced as Mr. Jersey, and at an earlier period the identity of Mr. Manton was equally well-known. Several other lady enthusiasts have found it convenient to adopt an assumed name on the racecourse. The owner of Dromio and other good horses at Chattis Hill is, for instance, a keen sportswoman. Those members of the Jockey Club who advocated the cancellation of the system of racing under concocted names, argued that it opened the way to fraudulent practices. They aver, and very properly so, that everything on the Turf should be perfectly straight and above board. It is hoped to get nearer to that ideal state of affairs by means of the new legislation.

MR. PERCY WHITAKER
A very successful trainer of 'chasers. He was formerly Master of the Oakley Hounds, and still wants a lot of beating over a country
(Sketched by "The Tout")

The Derby

Is there a Derby to be run in 1920? If so, one hardly ever hears it mentioned. How different from the old days, when most of the bookies had lists on the great race long before the preceding Christmas. The public then used to back their Derby fancies very early, but there seems to be little disposition nowadays to bet on races a very long time ahead. Perhaps this is all the better for the Turf. No doubt you got some long winter prices in the old times, but a great many "stiff 'uns" were backed. The public is much better informed about the progress of the classic candidates than was the case fifty years ago. If the Derby favourite sneezes to-day it is in the papers next morning.

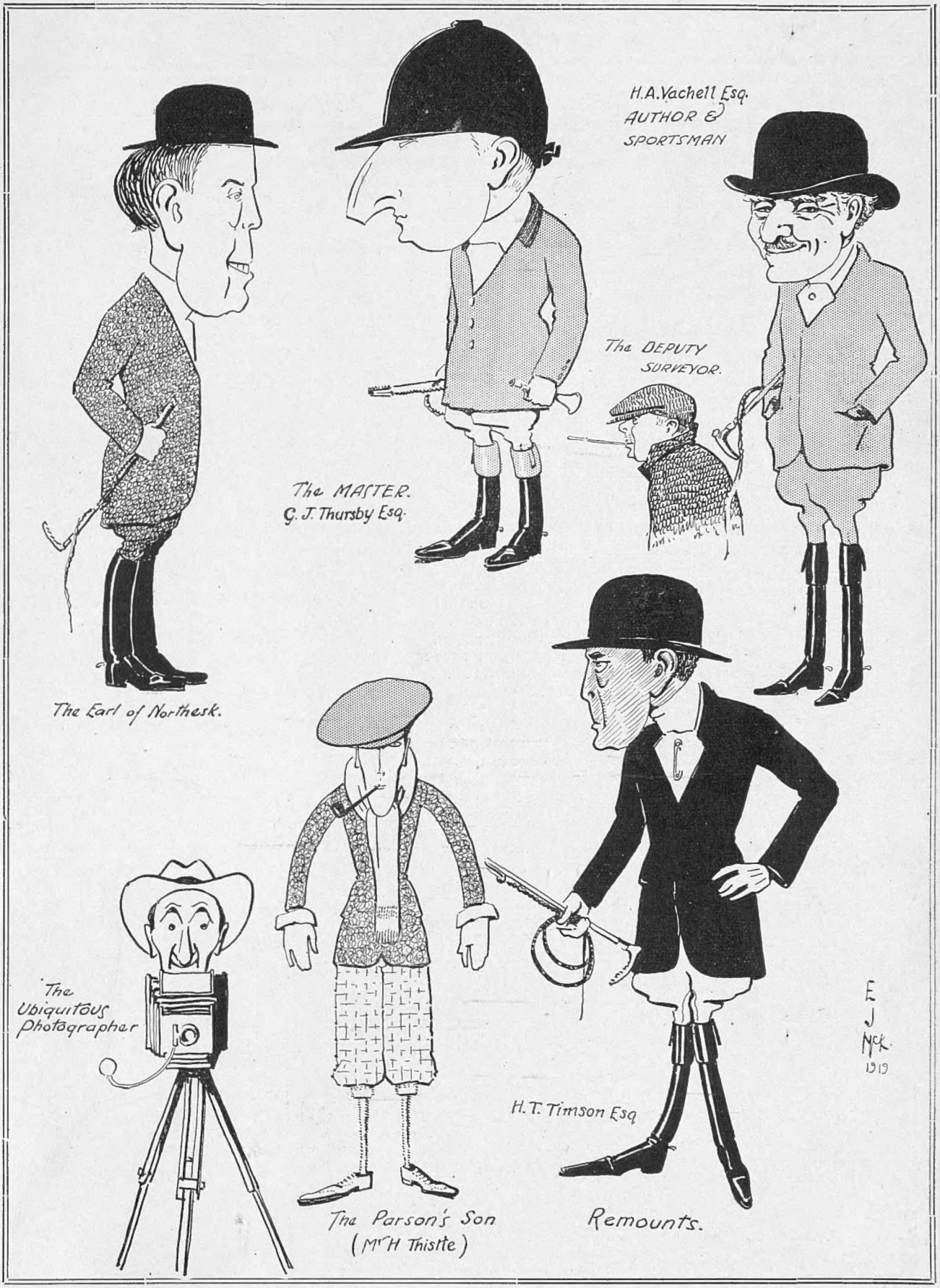
The Two Favourites

The last offer I heard made on the Derby was "6 to 1 Tetratema," a day or two before he won the Middle Park Plate. That was on the rails at Newmarket, and quite a little rush ensued to take the odds, which were soon exhausted. Other cautious men on the rails—they are never liberal with their prices at the best of times—would not offer you more than 3 to 1 about the unbeaten grey. No doubt at the sporting clubs during the next few weeks an attempt will be made to establish a market on the Derby, and I suppose Tetratema and Prince Galahad will be made first and second favourites. It is rather a pity that these two cracks should be in the same stable; fortunately they belong to different owners, so there is no reason why they should not oppose each other in the classics. That they have ever been formally galloped together is extremely unlikely, for that sort of thing is not done in the average stable without the mutual consent of the owners concerned, and so far there has been no purpose in trying the two. I think, however, the notion is held at Chattis Hill that the grey is considerably the smarter of the pair. There is a chance that Prince Galahad will train on into the better stayer. He won the Dewhurst Plate very convincingly, and I imagine that Messrs. Robinson and Clark, whose luck in business operations has not deserted them on the Turf, are not without hope that the chestnut will beat the grey over the mile and a half at Epsom.

New Year Meeting

Although Mrs. Peel has "accepted" with Poethlyn in the Victory Steeplechase, it is not in the smallest degree likely that he will be called upon to carry his staggering weight at Manchester on New Year's Day. His presence in the race serves the purpose of enabling his stable companion, Pollen, to retain his original weight. Among his rivals Pollen will have Clonree, who beat him at Liverpool, but the weights are now in the former's favour, though he has not much in hand of Ardonagh. Day-dawn will probably run well, but I anticipate the success of **Pollen.** In the Victory Hurdle Race on the following day we find Stainton, as usual, at the top of the handicap, followed by Golden Melody and John Jackett, both of whom have done well at Manchester. **Stainton** may prove good enough to give the weight away all round.

Some New Forest Sportsmen

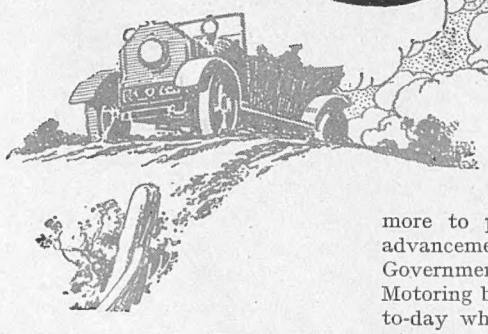


SKETCHED AT A MEET OF THE NEW FOREST HOUNDS

The Master, Mr. G. J. Thursby, has many staunch supporters, including Lord Northesk, the Deputy Surveyor (Mr. V. F. Leese), Mr. H. A. Vachell and Mr. Hugh Thistle. Now released from military duty, and during the war well-known in the Remount service, Major H. T. Timson, a former Master, is again in the field

BY E T McKAIG

Motoring & Aviation



A Prosperous New Year to everybody, users and makers alike of motor vehicles and aircraft, is the wish of yours truly. And I hope they are going to get it, for unless it is a *bona fide* and not a "paper" prosperity, things are going to be troublesome for all concerned. At the moment I feel very optimistic, as I think about springtime the factories in this country will really be making the goods instead of talking about what they are going to do, but I don't want to hear any more "guff" about quantity production. Which reminds me, why will those concerned talk of this as "mass"? It is not the right term, anyway, and it is about time that word was dropped from their vocabulary, as the public are getting to believe that it should be spelt differently, as it has been a regular hot-air mess as far as they are concerned. What the trade wants is industrial peace this New Year, and then if they get that all will be well, for everybody can mind their own, business, prosper accordingly, and so have surplus balances to spend on motor-cars and aeroplanes. I mention the latter because I have great hopes that 1920 will see the beginning of the private ownership of aerial vehicles, just as 1897 did for the motor-car. In fact, if only about fifty rich men in this country would buy an aeroplane each and use it for their journeys anywhere over fairly decent distances, these sportsmen would do more to popularise and benefit the advancement of aerial travel, than all the Government departments put together. Motoring began on these lines, and see to-day what an ndustry it is. Likewise, just as it was the sporting contests that improved the breed of the motor road vehicle, so it is only the sporting side of aviation that will give real advance to the motor air-carriage. I hope the Royal Aero Club will think this over, and take it to heart seriously, as they are the controllers of the sporting side of aviation. Surely they can get fifty of their wealthy members to run an aeroplane apiece this New Year with a paid pilot and a mechanic, and then the Club world should run at least three or four meetings, just as they used to in the old spherical balloon days. A few point-to-point races and a reliability touring race, or, rather, competition, where speed was not the major factor, would not be a bad start. How about it, Harold?

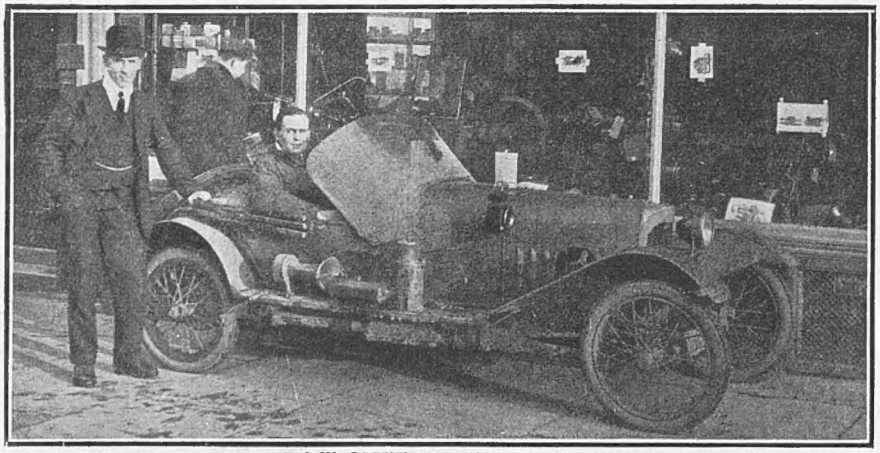
* * *

Harking back to quantity production, which in England to-day does not exist in regard to motor-cars as viewed in the light of American factories, it is about time that those few concerns that really want to turn out umpteen thousands of cars per month began to put their houses in order, as neither are the designs of the vehicles suitable nor are the works equipped with the necessary plant for manufacture on the real big basis. It is ludicrous to count the different sizes of bolts used in most chassis as an instance, and to see the number of extra operations that have to be done on the machines on account of the design of the various parts. Then when you stroll round the works you see part after part having two operations or more performed on the same tool, but the second one requires the re-setting of the machine and consequent loss of time, instead of having each operation effected in different machines, so that the run of manufacture never halts. It is because of attention to these crucial details of manufacture that the Siddeley-Armstrong chassis price is, comparatively speaking, so low. I know nothing about that car as a car yet, except as on view at Olympia like the rest of the quarter of a million visitors to the show, but when I last walked round the Coventry works I noticed their crankshaft grinders were all set for one operation only, and each crankshaft passed down the line of grinders to have the different operations done on it, while at some other famous works the grinders were being set twice or more for each crankshaft.

* * *

My friend, Mr. Joseph A. Mackle, has written pointing out an error in my notes of November 26, when I gave the credit of the Curtiss Company's excellent achievements to the General Motors Organisation. The Curtiss aeroplane interests are owned and controlled by Mr. John N. Willys, the head of the Willys-Overland Company, the producers of the Overland cars; and the N.C. 4 (Naval Curtiss), the first machine to cross the Atlantic, was one of the productions of the Willys-Curtiss aeroplane factory. I hope this will clear the air of any doubts as to who's who and what's what, but the moral to which this close alliance of motoring and aeroplane referred still holds good. The two must run together, as I look for the general development of aerial travel by the firms who are thus inter- connected, as these can afford to carry some of the profits they make from the road vehicles to devote to the, at present, not so lucrative business of the general utility flying-machine.

Old Hy.



A G.W. LIGHT CAR AT EDINBURGH

Mr. Rex G. Mundy is seen at the wheel after driving from London without stopping his air-cooled engine. The trip was made under the official observation of the R.A.C. Standing beside the car is Mr. J. R. Alexander

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